VOL 7 50
TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY
SR 9/23/50R 40-7-13
TUSCULUM COLLEGE 10/1
LIBRARY
GREENEVILLE TENN
40-7-22

Saturday Review

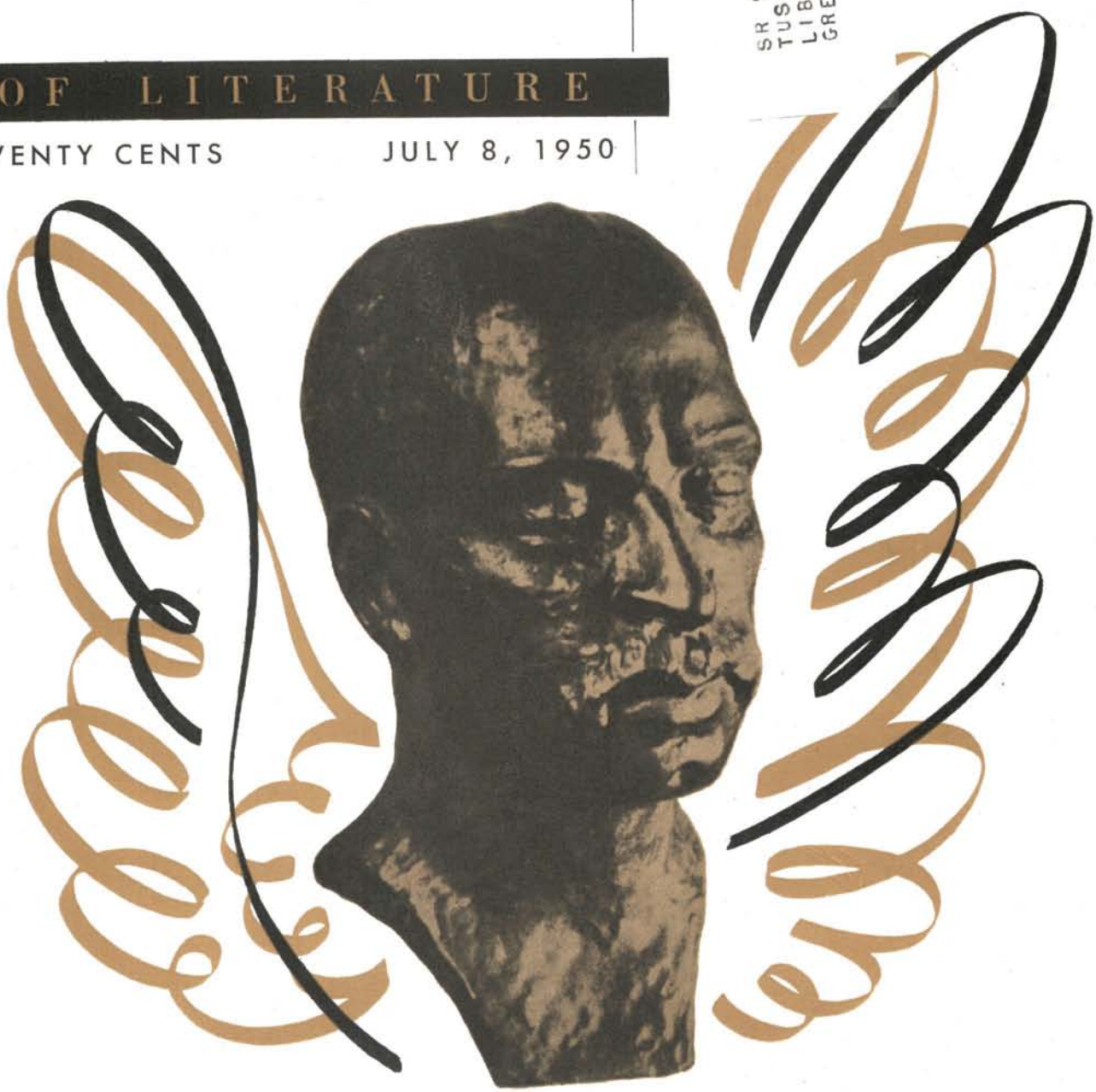
OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS JULY 8, 1950

A ...O FOR
T... RTIST

By ...ENRY TAYLOR

(See ...



"Rilke: Man and Poet," by Nora Wydenbruck. (See page 9)

The Case for Sentiment

BY EDNA BYLANG

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Save for your independence!

There's one sure way to grow your money into security for your later years—real independence. That safe, sure way is to invest your dollars in United States Savings Bonds. Then see how fast your dreams come true.

With a harvest of Savings Bonds, you'll find you can do the things you've always planned—like educating your children—buying new equipment for your farm or home—and, above all, the chance to enjoy the comfort of taking it easy in later years.

Savings Bonds, the one crop that never fails, will make your wishes certainties. In ten short years, they'll yield $4 for every $3 you invest. And they'll spell real independence at a handsome profit.

Buy U.S. Savings Bonds!

For the donation of their time, effort and space, the U. S. Treasury thanks The Advertising Council and the magazine in which this advertisement is published.

A PUBLIC SERVICE PROJECT THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Week

July 8, 1950

Cover Design by Hal McIntosh

Article Page

THE CASE FOR SENTIMENT
By Lin Yutang 7

Reviews

RILKE: MAN AND POET
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman 9
THE STRANGE LIFE OF CHARLES WATERTON
Reviewed by Ivan T. Sanderson 10
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT A. MILLIKAN
Reviewed by Louis N. Ridenour 11
YANKEE BOYHOOD
Reviewed by Henry Beston 11
THE MARX BROTHERS
Reviewed by Richard Maney 12
CHEKHOV IN MY LIFE
Reviewed by Robert Pick 13
ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE
Reviewed by Sidney R. Packard 13
IN SEARCH
Reviewed by Peter R. Levin 14
EVERY INCH A KING
Reviewed by J. Fred Rippy 14
JANE WELSH CARLYLE
Reviewed by James Gray 15
WORLD DRAMA
Reviewed by George Freedley 16
THE DOCTOR'S WIFE COMES TO STAY
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 18
DEEPWOOD
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay ..18
HOMEWARD BORNE
Reviewed by Louise Field Cooper ..19
SON AND STRANGER
Reviewed by Josephine Lawrence ...20
THE MIRACULOUS FISH OF DOMINGO GONZALES
Reviewed by Robert Pick 20
NOT BY ANY SINGLE MAN
Reviewed by Victor P. Hass 21
EACH BRIGHT RIVER
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor 21
ON BEING HUMAN
Reviewed by Robert Bierstedt 25
THE DILEMMA OF THE IDEALIST
Reviewed by Brand Blanshard 25
SMALL TOWN RENAISSANCE
Reviewed by Harry W. Schacter 26
CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM
Reviewed by Harrison Smith 32
SLIGHTLY COOLER IN THE SUBURBS
INSIDE WESTERN UNION
Reviewed by Lionel Olay 34
THE RUNNING PIANIST
Reviewed by Edward J. Fitzgerald ..35

Departments

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 4
LITERARY CRYPT 12
LITERARY I.Q. 17
EDITORIAL 22
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 24
BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
By Mary Gould Davis 27
IDEAS ON FILM
By Cecile Starr 29
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 37
THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby 38
NEW EDITIONS
By Ben Ray Redman 40
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 850 41

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. DeGolyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXIII, No. 27, July 8, 1950. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1950 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS
Publishers of Fine Books for over Four Centuries

IN 1728 Ephraim Chambers produced his first CYCLOPAEDIA, *or an Universal Dictionary of Art and Sciences.* Its later editions, with supplements (1738-53), formed the basis of the French *Encyclopédie,* which in the hands of d'Alembert and Diderot became one of the great liberating influences of France. Now, bearing a 1950 copyright, the *New* CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA, complete in fifteen volumes, is available.

The *New*
CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA

There is nothing like it in existence today. Everything about it, except its honored name, is new from A to Z—new in plan, in method of treatment, in content.

When the post-war project of this modern encyclopaedia was conceived, the publishers immediately realized a completely new organization of material was imperative, for no revision of a previous edition, no matter how thorough, could possibly prove adequate for modern needs.

One of the most distinguished boards of editors ever assembled pooled their knowledge and experience to plan this gigantic work. Representatives of famous American, British and European universities, learned societies, and institutions collaborated in its preparation. Nearly 2,500 contributors, outstanding specialists in their field, produced a unique body of accurate, scholarly, lucid information—*the unimpeachable authority.*

You will notice the difference the first time you consult the *New* CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA. All the information is presented in clear, simple English that gives you an effortless grasp of the most complex subjects. All the articles fit into a coherent whole. A 400-page index—containing 170,000 references and cross-references—provides an instant key to specific information you seek; a compendium of articles *classified by subject* supplies the indispensable overall view.

There are more than 4,000 specially prepared illustrations, in both color and black-and-white; 500 text maps, plus a special 144-page Bartholomew Atlas. Many of these maps are the results of new research and are unavailable elsewhere.

You must see this great work to fully comprehend its magnitude; to appreciate its enduring qualities (among others: its specially manufactured paper, type page, binding, etc.) In return for the privilege of presenting the *New* CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA to you personally, Oxford University Press will send you a free copy of THE WAR IN MAPS. Sturdily bound in buckram, this important work presents the background and the entire course of World War II in 91 maps, with text by Francis Brown. THE WAR IN MAPS is a book of permanent value—and it dramatizes the changes that have overtaken the world, changes which necessitate a modern encyclopaedia. The supply, however, is limited. We suggest therefore that you write today to—

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

PUBLISHERS' ROW

MOST OF THOSE saucers people have been spotting in the skies will come to rest on bookstore counters this fall. Frank Scully's "Behind the Flying Saucers" will get there fustest with the mostest, if Henry Holt's have anything to say about it. Will readers go for literature on this subject? Well, *True* magazine featured an article about saucers on its cover recently—and upped its circulation by a cool hundred thousand copies. . . . The unpredictable public has been lapping up Immanuel Velikovsky's fantastic "Worlds in Collision," too. To add to the excitement, the author changed bosses in midstream. Macmillan relinquished the publishing rights to Doubleday just when the book had hit the number-one spot on every nonfiction best-seller list in the country—an unprecedented event, I believe, in the history of American publishing. I'd have liked to be present at the Macmillan pow-wow that preceded the announcement! . . . Joseph Gaer, the resourceful troubleshooter who, single-handed, preserved the sanity of a half-dozen publishers mixed up with the original compilation of the WPA State Guide Books, has completed a novel of his own, which Dodd, Mead will publish in September under the title of "Heart Upon the Rock." . . . The F. Scott Fitzgerald revival is swinging into high and now Knopf will attempt a similar job with Ford Maddox Ford. "Parade's End: The Tietjens Saga," scheduled for September, will include Ford's "Some Do Not," "No More Parades," "A Man Could Stand Up," and "The Last Post." . . . Farrar, Straus, who hit pay dirt with Alberto Moravia's "Woman of Rome," will publish his "Two Adolescents" late this month. I hope they have persuaded the same hauntingly beautiful girl who posed for Moravia's first jacket design to accept a return engagement! . . .

BEGINNING-OF-THE-END Department: John Hutchens of the *Tribune*, brilliant when he sticks to literary criticism, actually has bet even money that Maurice McDermott will rack up more victories this season than Tommy Byrne. . . . Clever-New-Gadget Department: Wallet-size measurement cards, introduced by Wallachs, the haberdasher, so that husbands, wives, and sweethearts can keep one another's measurements on tap when they go gift-shopping. An alert *Tide* reporter discovered how Wallachs got the idea. A lady wanted a topcoat as a surprise for her husband but didn't know what size he took. The entrance of a strapping six-foot-two salesman solved her dilemma. "My husband is just about the same build as this young man," she said happily. A couple of days later an angry little shrimp trotted into the store and roared, "Who sold my wife this preposterous overcoat? It's about eight sizes too large for me." The manager pointed out the stalwart salesman and explained what had happened. "Bless her," murmured the mollified customer. "She really must love me" . . . Overnight-Sensation Department: Lillian Ross, the pert package of dynamite who wrote that Hemingway profile for *The New Yorker*, is being hotly pursued by no less than six book publishers (offstage cries by Harold Ross of "There they go picking my brains again, the blank blanks!") . . . *The New Yorker*'s erudite editor, incidentally, was one of ten notables (others included Judge Harold Medina and Ted Weeks) to receive honorary degrees at the recent Dartmouth commencement. . . . Mr. Weeks brought home with him from England, for *Atlantic Monthly*, an essay by a ten-year-old that he swears is the genuine article. It is called "A Bird and a Beast" and reads as follows:

> The bird that I am going to write about is the Owl. The Owl cannot see at all by day and at night is as blind as a bat.
>
> I do not know much about the Owl, so I will go on to the beast which I am going to choose. It is the Cow. The Cow is a mammal. It has six sides—right, left, an upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this it sends the flies away so that they do not fall into the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so that the mouth can go somewhere. The horns are to butt with, and the mouth is to moo with. Under the cow hangs the milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, the milk comes and there is never an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized, but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell; one can smell it far away. This is the reason for the fresh air in the country.
>
> The man cow is called an ox. It is not a mammal. The cow does not eat much, but what it eats it eats twice, so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos, and when it says nothing it is because its inside is all full up with grass. . . .

RUPERT HUGHES, seventy-eight, and Samuel Hopkins Adams, seventy-nine, are showing up writers young enough to be their grandchildren. Adams's "Sunrise to Sunset" is his best-selling novel in a decade; Hughes expects to re-enter the best-seller lists with his forthcoming biography of Samuel Gompers. Last season Hughes turned out a volume of poetry, called "Cyge's Ring." Earl Wilson asked him how

"I'm considering Alsace—you know, the place that you never know who owns it."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

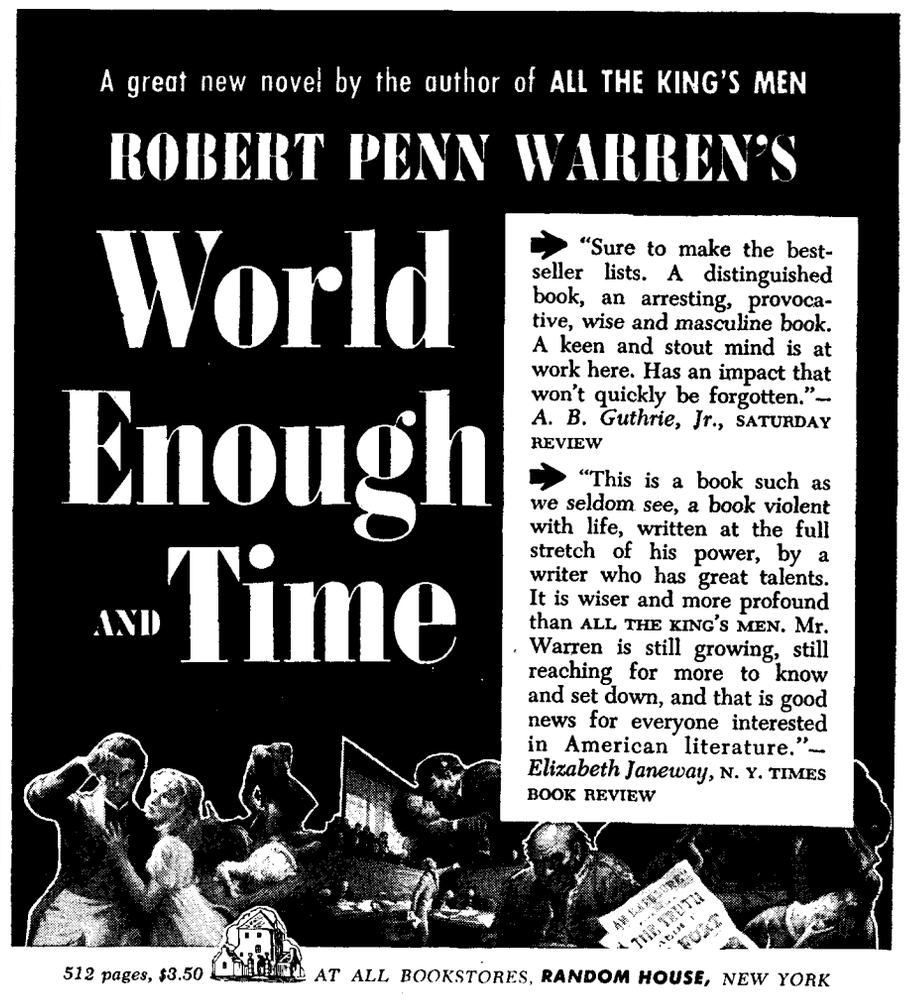
—*Frank Adams.*

it was selling. "Not so good," reported Hughes ruefully. "I haven't been buying so many copies recently." . . . Eric Hodgins's Mr. Blandings returns to the stores in November, via S & S, in a new novel called "Blandings Way." It will be the story of his efforts to become an accepted member of the community in which his dream house finally was completed. . . . Another S & S entry worth waiting for is Charles Addams's "Monster Rally," the only big cartoon album announced so far for the coming season. . . . If any publisher is looking for a new publicist, John Straley knows one who is available. He had a fine job with a big air line until his boss got an eyeful of a new slogan he was planning to use in some full-page spreads: "Aviation travel this summer is bound to hit many new peaks." Mr. Straley adds that an investigation of a nudist camp near his home has bogged down completely. The local D.A. explained, "There wasn't a soul in the whole camp I could pin anything on." . . .

"THE SPECTACULAR apartment building at 322 East Fifty-seventh Street," notes *Park East* magazine in its June issue, "attracts a sleek, expense-ignoring, modern-minded sort of city dweller who prefers the ultimate in urbanity." Two of the three photographs that embellished the article depict rooms in the apartment of well-loved, sleek, expense-ignoring, and modern-minded Bernadine and Harry Scherman. . . . Julian Messner, Inc., has hit its first literary jackpot with an English import called "Champion Road," by Frank Tilsley. It is due in October. . . . Messner has a new Frances Parkinson Keyes novel in the works, too. It's a story of Beacon Hill called "Joy Street." Mrs. Keyes was a visitor in New York recently, sporting a magnificent bouquet of roses from an admirer on Thirty-third Street. . . . San Francisco's weekly TV program "Let's Look at Books," sponsored by Books, Inc. (successors to Gelber, Lilienthal) and featuring the mellow voice of Donald Friede, is stimulating trade in the entire Bay area. . . . Cleveland Amory is writing a play based on his "Proper Bostonians." . . . John O'Hara has completed his first book of nonfiction, "The Observation Car," and is also past page 200 on a big new novel. . . . Joyce Cary's "A Fearful Joy" is Harper's big fiction bet for the fall. Cary's earlier novels are in great demand, too. "The Horse's Mouth" shot him up to the top in one fell swoop. . . . Come to think of it, just what *is* a "fell swoop," anyhow? . . .

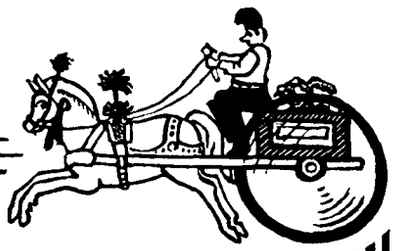
PROFESSOR DEXTER WILLIAMS, in the *Phoenix Flame*, quotes this letter from an American comrade to his superior in the Kremlin: "It's becoming increasingly difficult to reach the downtrodden masses in America. In the spring they're forever polishing their cars. In the summer they take vacations. In the fall they go to the World Series and football games. And in the winter you can't get them away from their television sets. Please give me suggestions on how to let them know how oppressed they are." . . . Radio commentator Milo Boulton, comparing the world state of affairs today with 1939, observed, "It's the same script with a bigger mustache." . . .

And George Backer, author of "The Deadly Parallel," brought home this story from London: At the Russo-Turkish border a Red Army sentry encountered a Turkish sentry, and an exchange of pleasantries ensued. "What do you do about the food problem in Russia?" asked the Turk. "I hear you have shortages." "Everything is taken care of," declared the Russian. "If my wife wants bread she stands on line for two hours, surrenders four coupons, and gets a loaf of bread. If she wants sugar she stands on line for six hours, gives up ten coupons, and gets a cupful of sugar. How is it in Turkey?" "We don't have to go through any such rigmarole," the Turkish sentry assured him. "When my wife wants any kind of food she simply goes to a shop, buys as much as she wants, and that's that." The Russian sentry was deeply impressed. The next morning he told his commanding officer, "We'll have to improve our propaganda. The Turkish line is ten times more effective than ours." —BENNETT CERF.


A great new novel by the author of ALL THE KING'S MEN
ROBERT PENN WARREN'S
World Enough AND Time
"Sure to make the best-seller lists. A distinguished book, an arresting, provocative, wise and masculine book. A keen and stout mind is at work here. Has an impact that won't quickly be forgotten."—A. B. Guthrie, Jr., SATURDAY REVIEW
"This is a book such as we seldom see, a book violent with life, written at the full stretch of his power, by a writer who has great talents. It is wiser and more profound than ALL THE KING'S MEN. Mr. Warren is still growing, still reaching for more to know and set down, and that is good news for everyone interested in American literature."—Elizabeth Janeway, N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

512 pages, $3.50 AT ALL BOOKSTORES, **RANDOM HOUSE,** NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Like the footsteps of giants are the traces left by king, tyrant and liberator in the ancient soil of Sicily. When Jerre Mangione, an American of Sicilian ancestry, returned to the native land of his parents in 1947 he found these traces trampled into Sicily's daily life. He found also poverty and peace of mind, liberty, lawlessness, argument and laughter.

Sent by the Guggenheim Foundation, he went to Sicily to study a society suddenly liberated from twenty years of tyranny. He discovered many facts, all illustrated by human beings — old folks who longed for their king, young men who still yearned to worship power, girls who moved in jitterbug rhythm. He talked to barons who farmed their feudally-owned lands with the latest methods, dreamers who proposed Sicily as the forty-ninth state, prostitutes waiting for the Americans to land once more.

He saw an island still as beautiful as when the warriors of Greece conquered it, rapidly healing the surface wounds of war but hiding deeper ones which desperately need attention.

He draws in miniature a portrait of Europe today, with fearful and hopeful eyes and a hand stretched out to plead and work and he snaps in passing a distorted and passion-blurred picture of an America which came and went too quickly.

Reunion in Sicily

by the author of "Mount Allegro"

Jerre Mangione

At all bookstores $2.75 Houghton Mifflin Company

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

"THE EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN SOUL IS TO BE SOUGHT IN OUR TEARS AND LAUGHTER."

The Case for Sentiment

LIN YUTANG

EDITOR'S NOTE: *While* SRL *occasionally publishes "previews" of new books in its article section, it rarely runs material from books after publication date. However, because of their enthusiasm for Lin Yutang's book,* ***"On the Wisdom of America,"*** *the editors have made arrangements with John Day Company to publish two sections of Mr. Lin's work, of which the following article is the first.*

SOME wag defined a Beethoven quartet as a scraping of cats' intestines on horses' tails. Now, if I were to take this position literally, I would be able to prove the truth of the statement by chemical and microscopic analysis and other relevant evidences to the satisfaction of any court, and my opponent would have a hard time proving that it isn't. I am afraid I would have all the facts and he would have all the feelings. The best he would be able to do would be to play a gramophone record of the quartet and show by the emotional reaction of the audience and the divine ecstasy on their faces that the feeling that act communicates is everything. I would still maintain that the dried intestines indubitably come from cats and the tails come from horses. But I would also advance to the attack. I would say that his alleged feelings and ecstasies are pretty fuzzy and woolly affairs, unclear, undefined, unmeasurable, that there was no *prima facie* reason why a certain arrangement of a number of vibrations in a certain sequence should be beautiful and others not, that the so-called facts of harmony and dissonance are all subjective, etc. When we got this far, I would be interrupted, and we would be deeply involved in a philosophic discussion of whether subjective evidence would or would not be permissible in court and in the still more troublesome question of whether a feeling is also a fact. I have no idea where the discussion would end.

Of course, we have gone through this kind of debate all through the latter half of the nineteenth century and well into the twentieth. Quite a number of learned and apparently intelligent people took "my" side in the above argument. To begin with, there was the Manchester School of "precise" economics, which produced Karl Marx. There were Parrington in literary history and Charles Beard in United States history, and Brooks Adams and Henry Adams worked the formula to death. The instinct was perhaps admirable; it was a desire for clear, precise, objective, and scientific facts, and as a method of history its merit lay in working solely with provable facts, dismissing—unfortunately—the fuzzier facts as of secondary and quite often of no importance. The inspiration came from the tremendous progress of the natural sciences; the natural scientists had made such proud progress by showing a dispassionate, objective attitude toward the universe, so it readily occurred to the historians that they too should learn to be clear and precise and stick to the provable and the economically demonstrable. Charles Beard matured and came round to a fuller, if less precise, realization of the truths and worths and significances of history but he did go to the trouble of personally conducting a Federal investigation, ignoble in my opinion, of the investments of the fathers of the American Constitution, to prove that the document presented the triumph of money power over agricultural individualism.

I HAPPEN to be intuitively against "my" side and like to think that Hamilton, Madison, and Jefferson were more interested in creating a great nation on a stable governmental basis. "Can you prove it?" I would be asked. If by proving is meant proof like investments in the bank and sizes of estates, I would have to reply, "No." Suddenly I would forget myself and I would speak perhaps too eloquently of the nation's past, of the dreams of the colonists who came in the *Mayflower*, of Roger Williams and William Penn, of the lands and primeval forests, no, not of a few paltry thousand acres that belonged to this or that delegate to the Great Convention, but of a whole continent challenging men's imagination and powers and energies to convert it into a peaceful habitable country. I would speak of three million men and women with their dreams and hopes and purposes, and I would say that the makers of the Constitution saw this, felt this, that they wanted to build a great nation upon this earth. And I would see the audience's faces brighten and their throats catch, and I would say, "There, Americans, feelings are facts also. They are in you."

Perhaps Henry Adams's case may be studied as an example of what I

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

call disorderly ideas and confusion of thought in the modern man arising from materialistic thinking. He was one of the most intelligent Americans in the nineteenth century, with all its advantages of learning and culture. Yet the labyrinths of despair in which he found himself were representative of man's spiritual journey in the latter half of the nineteenth century. If he had not been intelligent he would have been quite as contented in animal satisfaction as any others of his generation. But he was too intelligent to be complacent and not intelligent enough to find any kind of a foothold in life and so to find happiness. Unlimited materialism means an extremely limited view of human existence. Henry Adams tried to find out a law of history analogous to, and strictly in terms of, the laws of physics. He purposed to trace the law of progress, showing the unified existence of man in thirteenth-century Europe and the multiplicity of modern life today. He did this by writing two books—"Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" and his autobiographical "Education of Henry Adams."

HENRY ADAMS never found the laws. The factual reason was that he was so fascinated by the study of the thirteenth century and of his own that he clean forgot what he had set out to demonstrate, but the real reason was that it could never be done because his theory of interpretation of history as force, motion, and acceleration was false from the very beginning. He could change the phraseology and call the Virgin a force instead of a religious aspiration, a sentiment of man, to suit his purposes, but he could not make the phraseology stick and he knew as well as I know that the adoration of the Virgin is a sentiment and has force in a figurative sense only, in the sense that any idea has force, and he soon got lost. He thought he saw in the dynamo at the Paris Exhibition of 1900 a symbol of force, the modern force, but did he not know well that the dynamo was only a symbol and a good literary figure on which to graft the concept of material force of the modern age? And so when he was reduced to writing "The Prayer to the Dynamo," it was something to wring tears from the modern man, for that is essentially the last agonizing cry of the man who has lost his faith in both the Virgin and the Dynamo, neither of whom, he knew in his heart, could give him belief; not the first, because he knew he did not believe but only regretted that others of the past had the privilege of doing so, and not the second, because he knew the black cast-iron dynamo was not going to save him or the world but rather represented the blind force eternal. Mark these terrifying words:

. . . We are no beggars! What care we
For hopes or terrors, love or hate?
What for the universe? We see
Only our certain destiny
And the last word of Fate.

Seize, then, the Atom! rack his joints!
Tear out of him his secret spring!
Grind him to nothing! — though he points
To us, and his life-blood annoints
Me—the dead Atom-King!

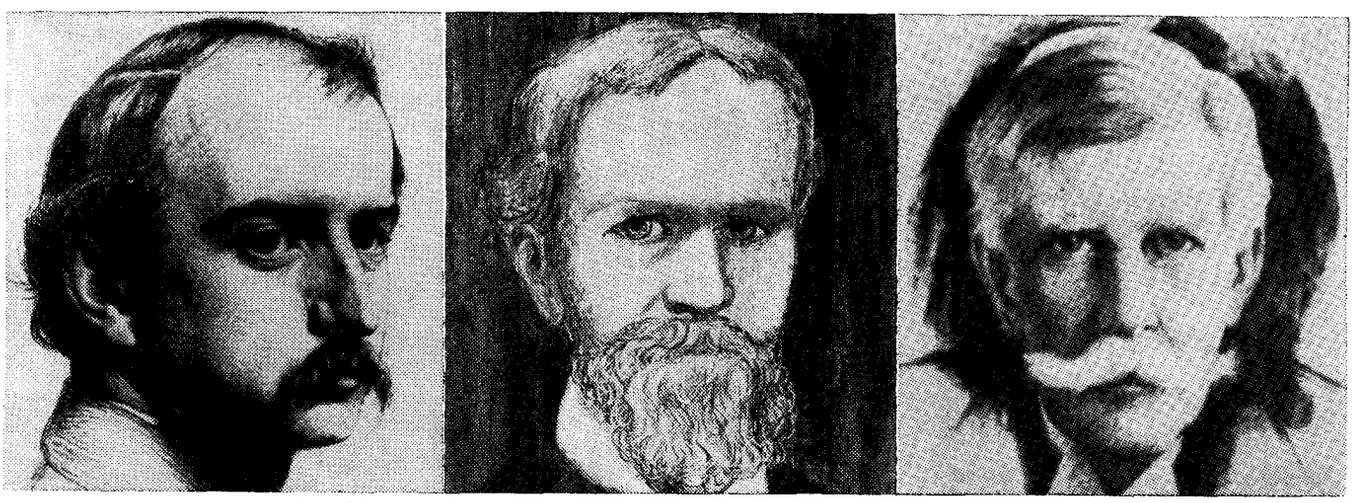
Henry Adams was a pessimist, as we all know, but he was perceptive, and he saw the tragedy of the modern man's having nothing to believe. After writing the two books he published them only for private circulation. What terrifying sadness and disillusion in a man who concluded that silence and good temper were the marks of sense! Man has become a "ball of vibrating motions," a "center of supersensual chaos"; however the mind struggles like a frightened bird to escape the chaos that engages it, it is in vain. And why? Because Adams's search for unity had failed and he gave up. The chapter "The Abyss of Ignorance" in "Education" may be studied as a genesis of modern despair, where the tortured soul is laid bare on the vivisection table. Henry Adams's is the case of a fine intellect searching heaven and earth for a unified system of beliefs and failing to find it. The materialistically limited conception of the nineteenth century made it impossible for him to arrive at anything but despair.

SOMEONE should have shaken him violently by the shoulder and said, "Harry, you started with the idea of looking only for material forces and motions. Why are you surprised to find only them? The trouble with you is that you and your brother Brooks have too much enthusiasm for matter."

I take Henry Adams because he was a product of his age, the latter half of the nineteenth century, when materialism was at its height of fashion, and because two other interesting and notable American figures, whose life span covered almost exactly the same period, offered a sharp rebuttal to his mechanistic theory of history. Henry Adams was born in 1838 and his mental powers failed in 1910; William James lived from 1842 to 1910, and Justice Holmes lived from 1841 to 1935. Thus the three were strictly of the same generation. And the three disagreed about brute matter. If I should be called upon to grade them, Justice Holmes should get 98, William James 80, and Henry Adams 65.

Henry Adams, professedly a materialist, was really romanticizing history and life all the time. Henry Adams had intellect, without intuition; William James was all intuition;

(*Continued on page* 39)



—Samuel Laurence. *—Lili Cassel.*

Henry Adams, William James, and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes—"The three disagreed about brute matter."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Personal History.

Followers of personal history have a feast set before them this week. A poet, an eccentric, a scientist, a Yankee shopkeeper, the Four Marx Brothers, a newspaperman, Chekov, Eleanor of Aquitaine, and a man who sailed alone around the world, make up the far-ranging list. Because in some ways the poet Rilke deserves to be called "the last great poet of the declining West" the place of honor goes to "Rilke: Man and Poet," Nora Wydenbruck's discerning biographical analysis of the writer who, as Ben Ray Redman says, "lived and wrote and won his fame in a cloud of misunderstandings." No such misfortune seems to have troubled most of the other lives discussed in the books reviewed below, although all had their ups and downs, their big and little moments, all of which add up to the essential drama that makes for good reading.

Great Poet of the Declining West

RILKE: Man and Poet. By Nora Wydenbruck. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. 373 *pp.* $4.

By Ben Ray Redman

WRITING of Rodin, Rilke once declared that "fame is actually only the sum of all the misunderstandings that gather around a new name." He might well have been writing of himself, for he lived and wrote and won his fame in a cloud of misunderstandings, and even now, when his name has long since ceased to be new, the cloud has not been dispersed. His biographers are far from agreement as to his character, while his critics are still farther from agreement as to what he meant to say in his most ambitious and most difficult poems. As in the case of D. H. Lawrence, his devoted admirers have shown little admiration for one another; each insisting that he—or more often she—alone held the key to Rilke's true character. But among these admirers there is one who commands especial respect: Princess Marie von Thurn und Taxis, the poet's generous, understanding patron, friend, and surrogate mother, at whose castle overlooking the Adriatic the famous "Duinese Elegies" were conceived and partially written. So, too, the new biography by Nora Wydenbruck commands respect, for this younger kinswoman of Rilke's noble patron has seen the poet largely through Princess Marie's eyes, and at the same time she has richly supplemented, and even sometimes corrected, this view with information and insights gathered during her own lifetime study of Rilke's poetry, prose, letters, and all the literature concerning him.

That Rilke's place in literature is a lofty one Nora Wydenbruck has no doubt whatever. At one point she refers to him as "the last great poet of the declining West," and on another page, writing of the "Orpheus" sonnets, she says quite simply: "As regards utmost poetic concentration, sheer poetic beauty, and profound meaning, they are unrivaled in German literature." But, because she takes her subject's greatness for granted, she does not plague her readers with repeated superlatives; nor does she parade before us passages from Rilke's poetry with a view to compelling admiration. When she quotes and translates—as she does generously—she does so in order to illustrate the nature and stages of Rilke's poetic development, and to place before us specimens of the work about which she is writing. Of literary criticism, in any strict sense of the word, there is little; but the author's subtitle is "A Biographical Study," not "A Critical Study," and, as far as I can judge, she has been highly successful in her effort to analyze Rilke's character, trace the course of his troubled career, and explain—as far as such explanation is possible—how he came to write the kind of poetry he wrote.

Rilke's many and marvelous letters are, of course, an almost inexhaustible source of information regarding his life and work, and Nora Wydenbruck—who was one of his correspondents during his later years—has wisely used these letters, whenever possible, to tell Rilke's story and illuminate "the direction of his thought." Constantly then, throughout this biogra-

THE AUTHOR: Rainer Maria Rilke has always played a tonic cultural chord with Nora Wydenbruck: maternally through her mother, a descendant of the distinguished Fuggers of Ausburg and a cousin of the poet's renowned benefactress, Princess Marie Thurn und Taxis-Hohenlohe; matrimonially through her husband, the artist Alfons Purtscher, who was Rilke's friend. Belles-lettres are, however, but one point of Miss Wydenbruck's compass. During World War I she was schooled for four years in art and languages in the sanctuary of an ancestral chateau in Carinthia; a decade later in England, where they moved in 1926, she and Purtscher, who sketched the portrait of her opposite, gave a joint exhibition of their work. She was, in fact, born in London, where her father was First Secretary to the Austrian Embassy at the Court of St. James, and her first book, "An Austrian Background," released in 1932, was written in English. Since then she has published several other works, including the novels "Woman Astride" and "Spring in September"; a study in psychic research (to which she still devotes considerable attention), "The Para-Normal"; "Gothic Twilight: the Life of Tilman Riemenschneider," and "Doctor Mesmer," an historical study. These not to slight her many translations of, among others, Goethe, T. S. Eliot, to whom she dedicates the current volume, and, of course, Rilke, with whom she began to correspond shortly after her marriage. She is now working on a novel with a late Roman background. However, in the serenity of Kensington, where her husband has transformed an old-fashioned English house to resemble the interior of an Autrian castle, she continues to paint—chiefly landscapes. And there her particular delight is a typical London enclosed garden, one mass of climbing roses, wisteria, and clematis, presided over by a pet blackbird and policed by a bristling Irish terrier, who puts up with the somewhat embarrassing name Bambina. —R. G.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phy, we seem to hear Rilke's own voice telling us of his ideas and ideals, his hopes and fears, his aspirations and desperation, and, above all, of the lonely, dedicated, driven life to which a true poet is committed. As we listen our knowledge of the man grows steadily, and it is steadily increased and corrected by his biographer's explanatory narrative and by the words of Rilke's many friends and correspondents who are called upon to tell us what they knew of him, what they thought of him.

We learn of his unhappy boyhood and youth, of the father whom he loved across a gulf, and the mother whom he came to despise; of his misery at military school, his humiliating failure to win an officer's commission, and his discovery of his true vocation. We watch his first imitative steps along the road on which he was literally compelled to walk, and his final soaring flight into the upper air of the "Elegies" and the "Orpheus" cycle. We note the places and persons who strongly moved and influenced him: Russia, Rodin, the Spanish landscape, Cézanne, El Greco. We come to know the women who played important and different roles in his life: Clara Westhoff, Lou Andreas-Salomé, Princess Marie, Magda von Hattingberg, Marthe, Elya, Claire Studer—with the last of whom it would appear that Rilke "for once experienced the transports of physical love without bitterness, though it was an inherent part of his nature to endow them with the poignancy of tragedy."

Year after year we follow him as he journeys back and forth across Europe, longing for solitude, believing that only in solitude can he do the work that unseen powers require of him, but more often than not finding himself compelled to live with friends, and even acquaintances, who can house and feed and care for him. We pity his inability to achieve a happy marriage with Clara Westhoff; we laugh when he turns to Ellen Key for wisdom, strength, and guidance; we are relieved when he finds such a friend as Princess Marie, who can help the child as well as tend the sacred flame of genius. Long before that we have read the tale of his brief, stimulating association with Rodin—"the strong, industrious old craftsman"—and have wondered how Nora Wydenbruck can write as if Rodin had any lasting effect on Rilke, as if the older man had turned the younger from a romantic into a classicist, and had taught him self-discipline and regular habits of work, when the record shows so plainly that Rilke remained to the end a romantic visionary, a mystic—a poet who lived in a world full of private meanings, a poet to whom self-discipline was impossible, a poet condemned to long years of agonized silence, a poet who could speak only when the voice of some mysterious god spoke through him.

However, apart from the overestimation of Rodin's influence on Rilke, there is little with which to quarrel in this biography. I do not share the author's grief over the fact that Rilke lost his Christian faith and never regained it, for if he had been a contented Christian he would not have produced the poetry that Nora Wydenbruck so greatly admires. Nor do I think that she need have defended him so strenuously against charges of egotism and selfishness, for, if his poetry is but half as great as she believes it to be, it is pointless to defend the character of the man who wrote that poetry. And I am sure that she indicates the basic conflict, without which Rilke's best poetry would never have been, when she quotes Princess Marie's statement that "he longed for solitude and peace and at the same time he yearned passionately for that life which he could not endure"; when she paraphrases this statement by writing: "He could not imitate the saint or the ascetic and turn away definitely from all things human, because in them he found the sustenance of his art—but he was neither strong enough nor selfish enough to live with humans and yet remain indifferent and detached." But perhaps Rainer Maria Rilke himself should have the last word. "Who speaks of victory?" he wrote. "To endure is all." (*"Wer spricht von Siegen? Überstehn ist alles."*)

He endured. And now he belongs to posterity—to that limited portion of posterity, I am afraid, whose knowledge of the German language is one with blood and bone, and whose affection is great for poetry that eludes the clutch of explicit exegesis.

First of the Great English Putterers

THE STRANGE LIFE OF CHARLES WATERTON. By Richard Aldington. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 231 pp. $3.

By Ivan T. Sanderson

CHARLES WATERTON is described on the jacket blurb as the last of the great English eccentrics. This is not true. To be sure, he antedated socialized medicine and some of the experiments of Orville Wright by a century, and the milking of snakes by an almost equal period, so that he tends to stick out like one of his own frequently sore extremities. He might better be called the first of the great English putterers and gentleman naturalists. Actually, he ought to have been born, or at least have become an American, for he was a complete ethical anarchist. What is more, he fell in love with this country as soon as he landed here, though he apparently experienced in New York his first hot bath, which nearly killed him and sent him off hot-foot to the West Indies. During the same visit he cured a sprained ankle by the extraordinary expedient of holding it under Niagara—a remedy which nobody but a born American could ever even conceive.

Squire Waterton belonged to an ancient Catholic family of untitled Yorkshire gentry and was born at a time when it was a nuisance, to say the least, to be just these things. However, he made no attempt to sidetrack these issues, loathed and lambasted Protestants of all forms, as well as the brown rat — the latter because British Catholics had created the myth that it came over from Germany in the vessel that carried the Protestant Hanoverian George Louis to be enthroned as King George I. He also abominated customs and treasury officials, what he called "Closet Naturalists"—*i.e.*, non-traveling zoologists—and, for no good or valid reason, Audubon. As his biographer so rightly points out, he remained throughout life an overgrown schoolboy devoted to climbing trees and roofs—including that of His Holiness the Pope—bare feet, bug-hunting, pranks, and overeating.

On the other hand, he pioneered in several fields in an altogether astounding fashion. Not only did he try to fly with artificial wings, milk poisonous snakes by the same method now used on snake farms, and discover the ingredients of curare, he seems also to have devised the only practical equipment list for tropical exploration. Above all, he not only formulated but put into practice a century ago, an entirely new concept which concerns all of us so vitally, and which we now call "conservation." Waterton was maintaining a 225-acre bird sanctuary at his own expense a decade before Audubon threw out even his first casual suggestions that our wildlife might be protected. Moreover, this happily balmy Briton devoted the latter part of his life to writing most earnest treatises on behalf of wildlife; this in a country and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at a time when all animals were regarded as either verminous or fit only for sporting targets.

Perhaps the greatest charm of this delightful and highly entertaining book is the almost uncanny way in which the author has associated himself with his subject, Squire Waterton. Without the benefit of quotes it would often be impossible to tell where the writings of one end and those of the other begin. Waterton is certainly introduced to us as a living person, a sort of fractious, unpredictable house-guest, specially designed to outrage stuffy and pompous visitors. Our host is a perspicacious gent and his manner of introduction should establish a pattern of etiquette for future biographers.

Testament of Teacher & Investigator

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT A. MILLIKAN. New York: Prentice-Hall. 311 *pp.* $4.50.

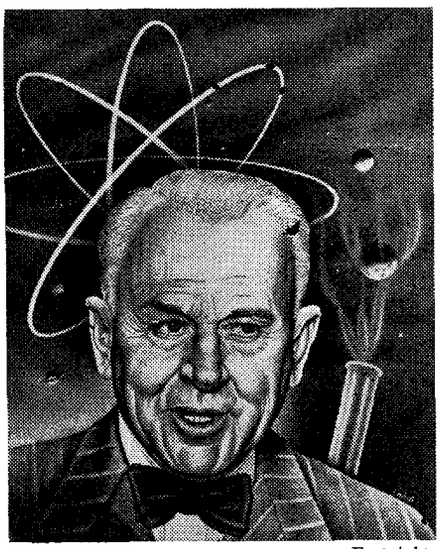
By Louis N. Ridenour

IN HIS long, successful life Robert A. Millikan has typified the best of American science and American education. As he points out, his life encompasses a period of the most profound change in science and in man's social institutions. He says:

> It has been the lot of all the generations of mankind up to the two generations which my life span has covered to leave the world at death very much the same kind of place they found it at birth. But this will not be true of those of us who come from the vintage of '68. Our ordinary life experiences bear little resemblance to those of my father.

Millikan himself remarks upon the fact that his serious entry on advanced work in physics, when he went to Columbia as the sole graduate student in physics at that university in 1893, coincides with the foundation by E. L. Nichols of the *Physical Review* as the first advanced professional journal on this side of the Atlantic. Again, only four years after the founding of the University of Chicago, Millikan joined in the development of that institution into a center of research and scholarship on a scale that the New World had never before seen. Finally, by his own efforts, he transformed an obscure manual-training school into the great California Institute of Technology, which he headed until 1946.

His contributions to physical science in America have by no means been made entirely in terms of his own researches, although these are rightly famous. Millikan has produced an impressive number of outstanding physicists who were his graduate students. In addition, he is responsible in large measure for the current practices of elementary science teaching. His first ten years at Chicago were mainly devoted to the development of teaching methods and of textbooks which still mark out the nature of elementary



—Fortnight.

Robert A. Millikan—"a glimpse of how Galileo and Newton worked."

physics instruction in this country. The place of the exact sciences in general education, which has been clearly conceived by Millikan for many years, is currently being rediscovered by latecomers. The historical approach, now so popular at Harvard, is surely foreshadowed by Millikan's words of 1909:

> I can conceive of no better way of showing a boy the folly of cocksureness, and of implanting in him the seeds, at least, of the scientific attitude toward all the relations of life, than by giving him a glimpse of how Galileo, and Newton, and Volta, . . . and the other great makers of physics have themselves worked.

Millikan's autobiography will be of great interest to anyone connected with education or with science. It ought to be of interest to any intelligent person, for it traces out one important aspect of the intellectual development of our nation through the eighty years of transformation from an agrarian and pioneer society to world leadership in technology.

An autobiography is a personal document. Millikan takes as given certain ideas which, in the present temper of society, may seem reactionary. He is clearly opposed, for example, to the centralization in the Federal Government of responsibility for the support of education and of scientific research, despite the trend toward this in recent years. He believes that:

> Washington neither is nor should be a very significant center of American life and progress. Our country is too huge and political influences are much too dominant at the Capital to make that possible.

Again, Millikan is reactionary about the purposes of higher education. He believes that not more than one-eighth of the young people of the nation should prepare themselves for "analytical, managerial, political, and learned pursuits" such as those to which the institutions of higher education are quite properly devoted.

As he chooses, the reader can subscribe to or reject such personal opinions. But, in any case, Millikan's outstanding record as a teacher and investigator must give weight and value to his views. His account of his own life is one of the most entertaining and significant scientific testaments that has been offered us in recent times.

Old Times in Maine

YANKEE BOYHOOD. By R. E. Gould. New York: W. W. Norton. 251 *pp.* $3.

By Henry Beston

THIS is a book concerned with old times in the State of Maine and a boyhood on a Maine farm seventy years ago. It tells of a farm world in which the "shin-plasters" of the Civil War were still in use instead of silver currency, in which oxen did the farm work and horses provided the transportation and everybody was expected to work and work hard to keep things going and make the best of our short Northern growing season. The picture given is of a rather hard-scrabble life lived among people who had few comforts and amenities, yet somehow or other lived well enough in a hardscrabble way—in spite of a farm economy which managed its meager supplies of money with the caution and parsimony with which water might be expected to be managed in a desert. There were good, satisfying meals on the table and probably two kinds of pie. Of books and the intellectual world, apparently next to nothing. The world of the mind limited itself to a grim evangelicalism stiffening to moral rigor mortis as it died. I do not wonder that Mr. Gould, looking back across seventy years, still resents the shadow of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

village religion as it fell across the farm.

The book makes no pretense to being anything literary but tells its story with rugged directness in the reminiscent vein. One wishes that the account were perhaps a little less gaunt. The book would be all the better for a few glimpses of the vital geniality which is a part of any thriving rustic world. Deeds of boyish derring-do such as the tipping of a school backhouse, schoolteacher and all, backward over a ridge into a snowdrift are not quite enough. The best of the material concerns itself with character, that secret of New England, and characters who, so to speak, had character. Everyone of us here in the country can remember such a figure as the self-sacrificing, hard-working maiden aunt of the farm whom Mr. Gould gives us in his portrait of Aunt Eunice. Such lives, of course, are tragic but at the same time they are very fully lived within their limitations, and Mr. Gould is more than right when he speaks of a certain look of the fulness of peace, of beauty even, which rested on his aunt's face as she lay in her coffin. Something had been given by life as well as demanded, even on a hard-worked ridge above the Androscoggin.

Rather a grim account but an honest and accurate one, which should be of particular value to students of regional ways of life in the United States. As a farm book and a Maine book, "Yankee Boyhood" is one side of a limited picture, and no more.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 368

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 368 will be found in the next issue.

ABC DEFFBG HEIJ E

KLFMHLNN OB KLGP

E RELS BT ZJNNBKX.

O. PJSZJSG

BCGNEFMLXP RSBWJSZX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 367

The strongest friendship yields to pride, unless the odds be on our side. —JONATHAN SWIFT.

Minnie & the Boys

—*Paul Galdone.*

THE MARX BROTHERS. By Kyle Crichton. New York: Doubleday & Co. 310 pp. $3.

By RICHARD MANEY

IF THE Marx Brothers fail to leave any footprints in the sands of time it will not be the fault of Kyle Crichton. Acting as their Plutarch he has pursued these violent zanies from an East Ninety-third Street tenement to the perfumed parapets of Hollywood over a span which may well embrace fifty years. (With a fine scorn for the calendar Mr. Crichton has permitted but a single date to intrude on his narrative.) In his "The Marx Brothers" we see this rampaging quintet (Chico, Harpo, Groucho, Gummo, and Zeppo, in order of their ages) in weal and woe, in poverty and affluence, in triumph and despair. The statistics which he submits, vital and otherwise, lead to the conclusion that had it not been for the fierce determination of their mother, Minnie Palmer, sister of the Al Shean of Gallagher and Shean, the whole kit and kaboodle might have eked out their lives in less romantic crafts than the theatre.

A perusal of "The Marx Brothers" clearly indicates that Mr. Crichton is much more interested in their frustrations and follies than in their conquests. A good five-sixths of the tome is devoted to their gypsy phase, the twenty years in which they barged about the whistlestops trying the patience of both audiences and theatre managers in a great variety of acts, all dedicated to a rowdy contempt for law, order, and the bylaws of the Actors' Equity Association. But a scant fifty pages of "The Marx Brothers" is concerned with their New York victories in "I'll Say She Is," "Cocoanuts," and "Animal Crackers," their camera conquests in "A Night at the Opera," "Duck Soup," "Horse Feathers," "Monkey Business," and "Animal Crackers," the most recent twenty-five years of their lives.

In fair weather and foul Mr. Crichton pursues the Marx Brothers with relentless industry, with a devotion that at times seems at odds with his proven critical judgment. The details of their ascendancy have a tendency to grow monotonous as do the recitals of their flair for practical joking. Truth is that most successful actors have experienced common ordeals, common defeats, common hungers in their long struggle for recognition, fame, and its alloys. The formula is pretty pat. In the case of the Marx Brothers it is more extravagant because of their unusual quantity.

It is the conviction of at least one reader that the Marx Brothers were much funnier in the flesh, rioting on a stage or before a camera, than they ever could be between the covers of a book. This is not the fault of Mr. Crichton. The Marxes are essentially visual comedians, their appeal more to the eye than the ear. Our language is ill equipped to catch that quality, as Mr. Crichton demonstrates when he quotes the late Alexander Woollcott as he attempts to describe the facial fevers of Harpo when stolen knives begin to funnel out of his sleeve. After sparring with the episode for some time Mr. W. concluded: "If, thus badly recounted, the incident does not sound amusing, will you take the word of one who, at its conclusion, had to be picked up out of the aisle and placed gently back in his seat, that it is all of that?"

Off-stage and as yet untouched by *Variety* critic or picture nabob, the Marxes were a singularly loyal crew reared in a household of eccentrics not unlike those who peopled Kaufman and Hart's "You Can't Take It with You." Foraying through the South and Southwest in their hungriest days they represented nothing so much as a small guerilla band, living off the land, foraging in forbidden places, ever urged on by the indomitable Minnie. Their eventual triumph was the product of her unswerving tenacity, her refusal to concede an inch in the face of the most unnerving disaster. The star of "The Marx Brothers" is not all or any one of them—it is Minnie Palmer, relentless foe of failure.

Richard Maney is widely recognized as Broadway's most literate press agent.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Playwright's Quasi-Paramour

CHEKHOV IN MY LIFE. By Lydia Avilov. Translated by David Magarshack. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 159 pp. $2.75.

By Robert Pick

WHEN Lydia Avilov met Chekhov at the age of twenty-five, she had been married for some years to an official of the St. Petersburg municipality and was the mother of three children. She had just begun to try her hand in the writing of short stories—the very field in which Anton Chekhov, four years her senior, had already won the applause of *"toute la Russie."*

The story of their peculiar relationship must have fallen into oblivion; at least I don't remember having so much as come across Mme. Avilov's name in any of the Chekhov biographies I have read. She died at the age of seventy-eight in 1942, and the account of her love of Chekhov, told in a manuscript she left behind, has been included in a volume of personal reminiscences of Chekhov by various hands which was recently published in Moscow. Judging by this document, Mme. Avilov was not much of an artist. But she must have been a great woman. Few people have as sincerely as she does recorded the failure of their lives' great passion.

In the beginning, the reader is not unlikely to feel that the budding authoress, bored as she was by the drabness of her domestic life, was determined to fall in love with the much-admired, brilliant, enigmatic young author. Those, after all, were the days, in fiction, of the unhappily married, romantic woman. However, Lydia's feelings were to outgrow what subconsciously may have been her motive in rushing to her sister's as soon as she received the message, "Come at once. Chekhov is here."

Three years went by before she saw Chekhov again and this second meeting ended disastrously. Her husband's suspicion had been aroused. Some years later—how leisurely even passion moved sixty years ago!—she came to feel at last that Chekhov was no less in love with her than she was with him. She chose an

> indirect way of intimating to [him] her readiness to divorce her husband. . . . She bought a pendant for a watch chain and had it engraved on one side "Short Stories by Chekhov," and on the other, "Page 267, lines 6 and 7." The lines read, "If you ever want my life, come and take it."

He failed to respond. As David Magarshack, the able translator of this book, points out in his introduction, Chekhov was the provider for his father's family, and could hardly think of taking over the responsibility for Lydia and her three children. Her great disappointment did not embitter her. Her love remained true to Chekhov until his early death and beyond.

Yet the great writer does not appear as an altogether lovable character in these memoirs. He seems to have accepted Lydia's selfless love as a matter of course. Students of writers' psychology will be fascinated by the interplay in him of life and work.

> Like the bee [Lydia Avilov wrote to Chekhov almost at the end of their ten-year relationship, and after she discovered herself figuring as the heroine of one of his stories] a writer has to take his honey where he can find it. . . . He is bored to tears with his writing, he is sick of it, but his hand has not lost his "cunning" and so he goes on coldly and indifferently describing feelings that his soul can no longer experience because his talent has driven his soul out of his body. And the colder the writer, the more sensitive and moving his story. Let the reader weep over it. That's what art is for, isn't it?

Whether it was only the rejected woman who wrote these lines or also the second-rate writer envying the master his mastery, they touch on one of the innermost problems of fiction writing.

This slender volume is indeed full of challenging surprises.

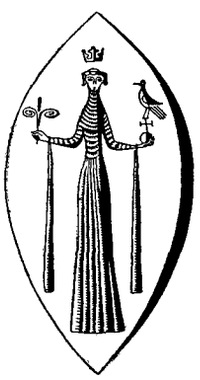
Robert Pick is the author of the recent novel "Guests of Don Lorenzo."

Queen of France & England

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE. By Curtis Howe Walker. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 274 pp. $5.

By Sidney R. Packard

ELEANOR seems actually to come to life in this full-length biography, the second to be published this spring. In it the "mist of romance" has been thinned if not really lifted, due attention has been paid to her varied talents and activities, and at least some support has been provided for the extravagant statement of Henry Adams that Eleanor was "the greatest of all Frenchwomen."



—*From the book.*

The author has used all the printed sources, including official documents, is thoroughly at home in the Poitiers area, and shows great familiarity with the literature of the period and with what little is known of its music. He probably goes too far in attributing to Eleanor the initiative in the matter of her divorce and in blaming her for the delay in the centralization of France but he never loses sight of his heroine through preoccupation with other personalities, however striking, nor abandons her in order to examine the rise and fall of the Angevin Empire. Though tightly packed with fact and incident, the book is not overlong. It contains many illustrations of the vignette type, both clever and original, by M. S. Nowicki.

But the Eleanor who comes to life in these pages is not Eleanor of Aquitaine. She is a skilfully contrived product of a twentieth-century imagination, well-steeped in twelfth-century documents. Thus the author tells us in detail what she thought and felt, what books she read and what flowers she cultivated, what she said to others and what they said to her, how she dressed and what she ate, how she decorated her rooms and what her feelings were toward her husbands and her children. Some of this comes directly from the sources but the latter are not cited in the text. Most of it is pure imagination, based at best upon ingenious inference from other more or less related materials. The illness of Henry II in 1154, vividly presented, is fact, but the detailed treatment is fiction, although the physician's speech is taken from Lynn Thorndike's "History of Magic and Experimental Science."

There are no notes in the text nor any references to notes. Explanatory notes do appear at the end of the volume, both to indicate the extent of the research involved and to enable the reader to separate fact from fiction.

The first of these objectives has been attained. The author's learning is sound. Even the Pipe Rolls have been used, and very successfully, especially for the long period of Eleanor's virtual imprisonment at Salisbury, hitherto a blank page in her

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life. Incidentally, this is one of the best chapters in the book.

But the second objective has been missed by a wide margin. Few readers will have the patience, at crucial points in the text, to find their way to the proper explanatory note. Those who do will be as exasperated as informed. For example, the text gives a spirited and detailed account of Eleanor's life in 1148-49, including her journey from Antioch to Tusculum and her conversations with, among others, Baldwin III of Jerusalem, an unnamed Greek admiral, and Pope Eugenius III. The note informs the reader that the whole chapter is imaginary, since there is no reference at all to Eleanor in the sources for this period.

Historical fiction often fails to be good history or acceptable fiction. Fictional history even at its best, which is what we seem to have here in large part, falls between the two stools with an even more resounding clatter

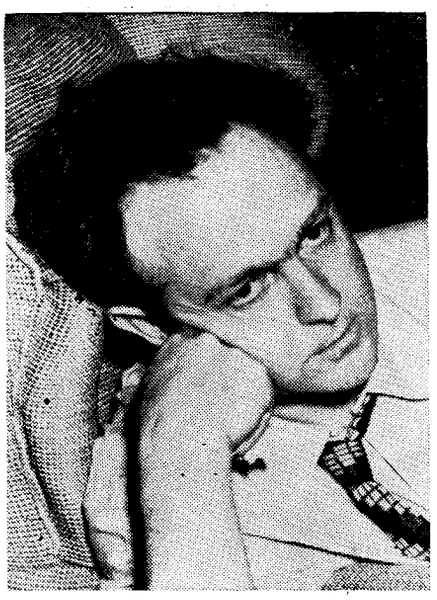
Being a Jew

IN SEARCH: An Autobiography. By Meyer Levin. New York: Horizon Press. 524 *pp.* $3.75.

By Peter R. Levin

"THIS is a book about being a Jew," remarks Meyer Levin at the start of what might be considered casually as just another long autobiography in the self-confessional mood. But it is not that. There is confession —a little of it and not at all sensational. There is doubt, personal and intellectual. There is self-examination, carried on (inevitably these days) with a strong assist from the late Dr. Freud. There is outspoken bitterness aplenty, directed at persons and groups too numerous to list. And there is personal detail of an incredibly busy life.

But mostly, as he says, his is a book about being a Jew. Rarely a page goes by that doesn't involve something specifically Jewish and there is no problem of living which Mr. Levin doesn't confront from the angle of his acutely sensitive Jewishness. From his childhood in a Chicago river-ward, where social tensions between hostile minorities brought him to premature and tight awareness of his origins, until his active participation in the great adventure that created Israel he probes for a Jewish meaning, a Jewish direction in his life. As writer, as American, as Jew, he seeks his seminal culture and his place in a world that, he thinks, regards him suspiciously and without full understanding. A man who has nearly always felt



Meyer Levin—"among the most unblushing of self-portrayals."

uneasy in that world, he wants spiritual peace and an unconscious sense of belonging—for himself and all Jews.

And surely Meyer Levin deserves an audience. For among Americans writing of Jews he is pre-eminent. His novel, "The Old Bunch," while not quite the literary landmark we may have thought it during the Thirties, remains a very significant benchmark to those surveying that decade's fiction. He has produced two remarkable motion pictures on Israel's magnetism and its fulfilments for Europe's Jewry. He has tracked down the indescribably terrible saga of Europe's Jewish survivors.

Much of this he tells with compassion, fascination, restraint, and some pardonable maundering. Certain of his insights are striking, as his uncovering of the shame and frustration of immigrant Jews, who are so largely unequipped to help their children enter the mainstream of American life. Many of his incidents, like the filming of "The Illegals," he relates with a fine sense of the dramatic. Even his tales of life as a war correspondent have an untarnished freshness and excitement. On a craftsman's level and a little above, Mr. Levin does very well.

"In Search" is, therefore, a bit less than full-dress autobiography and also a great deal more. It is among the most unblushing of self-portrayals and, paradoxically, among the most impersonal. It should be read, felt, absorbed, and thought about.

It should also be argued with, and I register my dissent in personal terms. Mr. Levin feels his search that of the universal Jew. He wants to believe that the Jews are one people, that they have one culture, one mystique, that their lives are necessarily intertwined. In the end he comes up with several questionable—to me—*obiter dicta*: notably, that every Jew *must* feel a psychological separateness from the *goyim* (a word of unfortunate connotation) and that American Jews are "never entirely at home."

Perhaps I'm no more objective than Meyer Levin. But I submit that there is no historical, emotional, scientific, or sociological evidence tying every Jew to every other. Mr. Levin himself knows the broad gulf between the so-called "Eastern" and "Western" Jews. More important, I think, is the American experience where, under the aegis of freedom and the chance of personal choice, Jews are in the long run gradually splitting apart, losing with each generation much that is traditionally Jewish, gaining instead a feeling of diversified American roots. That historical process goes on, I am convinced, despite any outbursts of anti-Semitism or the emotional pull of Israel resurgent.

Peter Levin, author and critic, is no relation to Meyer Levin but, like his namesake, he was born and grew up in Chicago. He is a writer and biographer.

Brazilian Monarch

EVERY INCH A KING: A Biography of Dom Pedro I, First Emperor of Brazil. By Sérgio Corrêa da Costa. Translated from the Portuguese by Samuel Putnam. New York: The Macmillan Co. 230 *pp.* $3.

By J. Fred Rippy

THE inhabitants of Central America, Paraguay, and Brazil were the only peoples of Latin America who won their independence from Europe without much fighting. Elsewhere the struggle for emancipation was bloody and prolonged. Comparative insignificance or isolation explains the ease with which independence was achieved by the first two. The escape of the third from colonial subjection without serious blood-letting was linked with the vicissitudes of European politics and the Portuguese royal family.

With the aid of the British Navy the Portuguese Braganzas—the insane queen, Prince Regent John and his family, and the rest of the household —fled to Brazil late in 1807 with some 1,500 members of the court and the bureaucracy and established the seat of their government in Rio the following year. For the next decade and a half this American colony was the center of the Portuguese empire,

(*Continued on page* 31)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Belles-Lettres. *One of the enduring literary mysteries is the relationship of Thomas Carlyle and his wife, who, through their long years together, alternately tormented and enchanted one another. Fresh light is shed on this affair in "Jane Welsh Carlyle: A New Selection of Her Letters," in which Trudy Bliss brings to life the cantankerous, dyspeptic historian who "had a rat gnawing in his belly" and the miserably lonely Jane Welsh Carlyle, who was one of the wittiest ladies of all time. Allardyce Nicoll has hazarded a comprehensive survey of "World Drama: From Aeschylus to Anouilh," which George Freedley, curator of the theatre department at the New York Public Library, finds stimulating if controversial. The remaining books include three studies of the Bard: "Shakespeare's Tragic Frontier," by Willard Farnham, "Shakespeare Survey 3," by Allardyce Nicoll, and "Shakespeare's Hamlet," by Max Huhner.*

Ordeal of a Difficult Marriage

JANE WELSH CARLYLE: A New Selection of Her Letters. Arranged by Trudy Bliss. New York: The Macmillan Co. 355 *pp.* $3.

By James Gray

THIS new selection of the letters of Jane Carlyle needs no justification perhaps beyond the fact that it offers a delightful portrait of a woman whose "soft invincibility" enabled her to survive the daily ordeal of a difficult marriage without losing the graciousness of spirit, the tartness of tongue, or any of the highly perishable qualities that made up her unique individuality.

It was, no doubt, the belief of the editor that the relationship of Thomas Carlyle and his wife might be clarified for the benefit of students of this partnership in the perils of genius by the elimination of irrelevant passages from the letters and by the introduction of notes that might give to the selected passages the value of a running narrative. And, indeed, Mrs. Bliss has managed to communicate a sense of pace and of mounting tension to the report of how these people tormented and enchanted one another.

It is even clear from these pages why the intimacy was at once gratifying and burdensome. Carlyle had "a rat gnawing at his belly" and his dyspepsia prompted a highly histrionic succession of tantrums against noisy neighbors. He scolded at the world without realizing that his universal discontent must seem to his sensitive wife to be a reflection on herself. "You have not the least notion what a killing thought it is," Mrs. Carlyle once wrote to her husband many years before her death, "to have put into one's heart, gnawing there day nd night, that one ought to be dead since one can no longer make the same exertions as formerly."

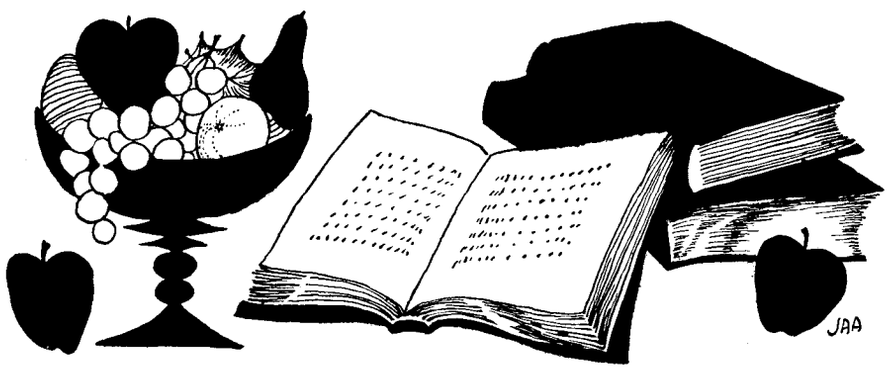
So both were gnawed upon by intolerable inadequacies. But no less real or important in the conduct of their lives was the intense mutual appreciation. The proof sheets of "Frederick the Great," upon which thirteen years of agonized absorption in Prussian tomes had been expended, went to Mrs. Carlyle when she was away from home. She wrote to her husband, "Oh, my dear, what a magnificent book this is going to be. The best of your books. I say so who never flatter." She found in it all his merits, force, vividness, sparkle, composure, and finish. Carlyle treasured this vote of confidence as the ". . . one bit of pure sunshine that visited my dark and lonely enterprise of Frederick."

But what Mrs. Bliss makes no less clear by her discreet comments is the basic psychological difficulty of each of the Carlyles that made them hug so tightly the perverse passion of loneliness. There have been many speculations. Frank Harris offered one for which he claimed he had the support of direct confession by Carlyle concerning his physical disabilities. Though there is no proof except Harris's clearly untrustworthy word that Carlyle was impotent, the very fact that the statement has been made hangs like a cloud over one's judgment and lends the interest of mystery to the mental agonies of the Carlyles.

Mrs. Bliss having an understandable desire to avoid being a feminine version of Frank Harris, indulges in no reckless speculation. Of Mrs. Carlyle's sense of miserable loneliness (attributable in part to her bitterness against her husband's patroness, Lady Ashburton) she contents herself with saying that it was nonetheless poignant for being, perhaps, imaginary. "Loneliness," writes Mrs. Bliss, "is a state of mind; if one believes that one is unloved and unsought, then, even though one is mistaken, the suffering is as acute as though the facts fitted the supposition."

This, one fears, adds more to the literature of the cliché than it does to the understanding of psychosomatic disturbance.

Yet however much the re-examination of Jane Carlyle's letters may leave us in need of an explanation of her peculiar brightness, it leaves us more firmly than ever in possession of her as a literary figure. These passages are almost uninterruptedly witty and dramatic. They startle the reader with their evocative power. The letters, often blunt and indiscreet, seem to open the door on a living world. Mrs. Carlyle had a deft hand at removing the stuffing from any shirt, even one labeled Robert Browning. The same gift for direct action enabled her to preserve the vitality of a Tennyson, a Dickens, a Mazzini, and a Count d'Orsay. And one of these letters, at least, is a work of the purest genius. Written to Thomas Carlyle on July 26, 1849, describing her visit after long absence to the town of her birth, it is as delicate an adventure in sentiment as our language can boast. "So, with blessings for many days, I slipt away from them like a knotless thread." A beautiful and perfect thing.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plays of the Ages

WORLD DRAMA: From Aeschylus to Anouilh. By Allardyce Nicoll. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1,000 *pp.* $7.50.

By GEORGE FREEDLEY

THE PROBLEM of planning, compiling research, and writing a volume of this kind is enough to discourage the indefatigable. Only so interpid a soul as Allardyce Nicoll would dare it. However, his whole background at the University of London, where he turned out scholarly critiques and statistical compendia of English drama, prepared him resolutely. At Yale University, where he succeeded the late, great George Pierce Baker as the chairman of the Department of Drama, he inaugurated the 80,000-piece photographic record of European scene and costume design of the sixteenth-eighteenth centuries in the Yale-Rockefeller Collection. Now returned to his native British Isles as professor of English at the University of Birmingham, he has essayed to astonish us anew with this vast work.

Professor Nicoll would quite properly protest the word "vast" and quite correctly, too. Neither Bates (twenty volumes), Mantzius (six), nor Dubech (five) have more than scratched the surface of the world's enormous dramatic literature and extensive theatrical history. A thousand pages is as nothing. The author is painfully aware of his necessary superficiality. Disheartening as it is, he can only adopt a point of view and adhere to it with no excursions into fascinating byways.

Perhaps this is why Mr. Nicoll maintains so Olympian an approach to his subject. Practically every dramatist is dismissed somewhat summarily as being vastly unworthy of the company of the great. A few of the most unchallengeable (except by Eric Bentley who dares anything iconoclastic) are accorded chapters of their own but for the most part plays are considered as a part of a movement rather than as pertinent to the career of an individual writer. This will prove helpful to those students who wish quickly to assemble titles of a given style, subject, or technical approach. To those interested in a particular writer, it will require much plowing through the index and turning of pages.

Mr. Nicoll dismisses the Egyptian drama and theatre with the intolerant haughtiness of an Egyptologist. No less than Dr. Ludlow Bull of the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Yale University studied and at one time approved the dissertation on the Egyptian theatre composed by Louis E. Laflin, Jr., for a Ph.D. thesis when Mr. Nicoll was chairman of the Department of Drama and was cognizant

of Mr. Laflin's researches. He is similarly chary of claims to a Chinese drama before the Yuan dynasty.

This volume is certainly the most readable of any of Mr. Nicoll's numerous works on the theatre and will assuredly find its way to the book shelves of the theatre specialist and advanced student. It is particularly successful in relating drama to other types of literature but less so in placing it on the stage. A play is *only* a play when it is acted.

This book is bound to cause comment and disagreement, particularly from the adherents of those playwrights who may consider their gods scanted and summarily dismissed. Personally I found it a stimulating and worth-while book.

Belles-Lettres Notes

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGIC FRONTIER, by Willard Farnham. University of California Press. $3.75. Professor Farnham has written a remarkably rich and perceptive book. In it he sets forth the idea that the heroes of Shakespeare's last four tragedies are paradoxically compounded of good and evil, that their "traits and honors" wage equal within them. This area of feeling into which Shakespeare draws the spectator is the utmost "tragic frontier" of sympathy which may be felt for the heroes as tragic figures. (Beyond the frontier, when the evil is excessive, they become villains and forfeit all sympathy.) The initial chapter of the book explains the splendid daring of this conception in Shakespeare, and relates it to two contemporary dramatists who also used it (Chapman and Webster) and to John Donne, who explored it in his paradoxes. Then, after having established the contemporary climate of the idea, Professor Farnham analyzes its embodiment in "Timon of Athens," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Coriolanus." His book is pervasively clear and lucid—in arrangement, in thought, and in style. It is also enormously illuminating.

SHAKESPEARE SURVEY 3, edited by Allardyce Nicoll. Cambridge University Press. $2.75. The latest number of the "Shakespeare Survey" is, like its predecessors, a very useful and usually a very interesting compilation. Its annotated bibliographies alone are valuable for charting the currents in the year's Shakespearean publication—critical, biographical, and textual. The "Survey" also prints original articles on various phases of scholarship, on theatrical history and production, and on foreign relations. Outstanding this year are Professor Sisson's summary of the work on Shakespeare's life and environment since 1900, Professor F. P. Wilson's judicious estimate of what really constituted Shakespeare's learning, and James G. McManaway's abstract of recent studies on the chronology of the plays. Such syntheses as these are enormously helpful. For original detective work, J. M. Nosworthy contributes a fascinating piece on the identity of the player who composed from memory the 1603 "Hamlet." Of the articles about Shakespeare abroad, Robert de Smet's essay on "Othello" in Paris and Brussels is easily the most lively and amusing in the volume. Of the ones about the theatre itself C. Walter Hodges's illustrated explanation of his theory for the re-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

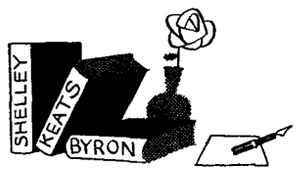
construction of an Elizabethan playhouse is both ingenious and persuasive.

Most of the contents of the survey will interest every reader who is interested in Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET, by Max Huhner. Farrar, Straus. $2.75. By now Shakespeare's Hamlet is everybody's. The main purpose in this book by Dr. Huhner (M. D.) is commendable: to see Hamlet as Shakespeare intended him to be seen. And to achieve that he sets himself to prove that Hamlet's insanity was not actual but merely feigned. He is not deterred by the fact that an ocean of ink has been split on that problem, and adds his drop. He plods through the play, explaining and paraphrasing its speeches as though addressing a class of earnest children. He pads his discussion with extensive quotations from the play and from obscure and outdated "authorities." This book may be a tribute to its late author; it is certainly no addition to the overburdened shelves of Shakespeareana.

ENGLISH INSTITUTE ESSAYS 1948, edited by D. A. Robertson, Jr. Columbia University Press. $3. These eight essays are only a selection from the papers read at the English Institute held at Columbia University, and they assuredly deserve the comparative permanence of being printed. They are arranged under two topics: "Myth in the Later Plays of Shakespeare" and "Rhetorical Theory and Practical Criticism"; and they are preceded by a luminous essay on "Imagination as Value," by Wallace Stevens. The first group has more immediate appeal: Frye's essay on comedy and especially Fiedler's on illusion and myth are corruscatingly brilliant; Hubler's is pleasantly old-fashioned and pokes fun at the intellectual gymnastics of his neighbors. In the second group Wimsatt's paper on Pope is a sound contribution to the current revaluation of Pope as a poet.

POPE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES: Essays Presented to George Sherburn, edited by James L. Clifford and Louis A. Landa. Oxford University Press. $6. This *festschrift* volume is a dignified and deserved tribute to one of the deans of eighteenth-century scholarship in this country. In its eighteen essays, most of them devoted to Pope and Swift, a variety of approaches shows how fruitfully that period can be cultivated; it also shows how the traditional approaches to scholarly research, if flexibly and intelligently handled, can illuminate and enliven an epoch. For the presentation of new unpublished material James Osborn ably edits a brief history of English poetry by Joseph Spence. Written in French, it is a pioneer work in the rise of English literary history. For the intellectual milieu of the period, R. F. Jones sketches the rising new science and



thus makes clear Pope's and especially Swift's attacks on science. When we understand this background we can understand the writers better.

For a fresh revaluation James Sutherland contributes an urbane essay on John Gay, which is sound and persuasive. For a fresh critical approach Maynard Mack examines, in a brilliant essay, the poetry of Pope; he shows how that poetry, with qualities different from other types, is genuinely poetic. And, finally, for a paper that discusses "Pope and Our Contemporaries" Joseph Wood Krutch presents a witty argument to show us how the clarity of Augustan verse would be a useful corrective for our poets today.

THE MIND AND ART OF CHAUCER, by J. S. P. Tatlock. Syracuse University Press. $2.50. The late Professor Tatlock, who had devoted his long career to Chaucerian scholarship, intended this as an introduction to Chaucer. It is pitched in the style of lectures and, without footnotes or other bibliographical apparatus, embodies the latest research on that fecund genius. After sketching Chaucer's life and background he discusses all the minor poems—including the major masterpiece, "Troilus and Criseyde." But (like Chaucer) he never finished the present exploration of the "Canterbury Tales" and we have only his brief remarks on the prologue and four tales. All his discussion is informative and concise though his style is often clumsy—a fault he might have corrected if he had lived. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

ENGLISH POET (1812-1889)

After identifying the fourteen literary figures briefly described below, print their names in the spaces just above the descriptions. The initial letters will spell the name of a famous English poet. Allowing thirty points for his name and five points for each character identified, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 32.

1. _ _ _ _
   This hard-of-hearing nurserymaid made a grave mistake.
2. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
   "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
3. _
   "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head!"
4. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
   Hotel manager of the Imperial Palace.
5. _
   Pinch-hitter for the King of Ruritania.
6. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
   This schoolboy drew skeletons all over his slate.
7. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
   A cannon ball took off his legs, so he laid down his arms.
8. _
   He knew how to spin straw into gold.
9. _
   The Vicar of Wakefield's horse.
10. _
    The vulgar and ignorant master of Dotheboys Hall.
11. _
    The sporting member of the Pickwickians.
12. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
    An early aviator, he flew too high.
13. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
    This centaur gave Hercules a poisoned shirt.
14. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
    This young bride hid herself in a chest for 50 years.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fiction. *Four of the novels reviewed this week are centered around various kinds of contemporary women. A fifth, "Each Bright River," is about a Southern girl who travels from New York to meet her fiancé in frontier Oregon. "The Doctor's Wife Comes to Stay," by the old master Frank Swinnerton, is a tender story of a young woman who enters into the life of a portrait painter and his actress wife. The most amusing, in a mildly caustic way, is Blanche Chenery Perrin's "Deepwood," in which four energetic Southern Club women restore an historic old house. In Ruth Chatterton's "Homeward Borne," a young Vermont wife adopts a Jewish refugee boy and is rewarded by finding a second husband. The inevitable silver cord appears in "Son and Stranger," by David Demarest Lloyd, when an American mother discovers that her dead son had produced a child with the connivance of a charming English girl.*

London, with Letters from New York

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE COMES TO STAY. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Doubleday & Co. 305 pp. $3.

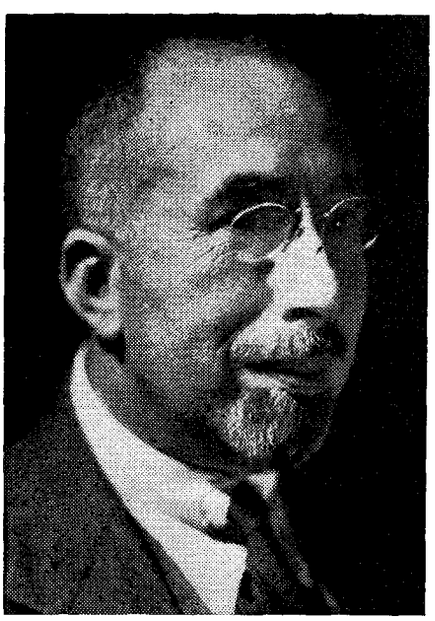
By R. Ellis Roberts

IT IS too often forgotten that the psychological novel started in England—with that unusual printer Mr. Samuel Richardson. Of course, the epithet is question-begging: there is as much psychology in "Amelia" as in "Clarissa Harlowe," in "The Mill on the Floss" as in "The Golden Bowl," and what psychologic plays or novels can stand against "The Winter's Tale" or "Wuthering Heights"? In England and America, in spite of such masters as Henry James and Virginia Woolf, the laurels belong to what we might call the "un-teasing" school of psychological novelists: to the novelists, that is, who while their primary interest is human character, temperament, moods, even manias, prefer to present those problems indirectly. The author in the easy old-fashioned books may intervene as Thackeray does in "Vanity Fair": but Thackeray's production of Becky, compared with Marcel Proust's Albertine, is the difference between meeting someone remarkable at a party and overhearing confidences in a psychiatrist's office.

Among the un-teasing school of novelists Mr. Swinnerton has always been one of the most conspicuously successful and has not latterly had the credit due to a careful and sensitive craftsman. His latest book "The Doctor's Wife Comes to Stay" is an excellent example of his powers of controlled irony, of a tender justice in the portrayal of the least attractive characters, and of a composition that shows the born story-teller.

The period of this story is 1947, the place London with letters from New York. The chief characters are Rex Tweed, a successful young portrait painter; his wife, Elizabeth, who in the course of the story rises to stardom first in the London theatre, then on Broadway; their four-year-old daughter—beautifully rendered—, and Elizabeth's parents, Dr. Anderson and Rose, his wife. It is she who "comes to stay" when Elizabeth goes to New York but even before she comes Mr. Swinnerton makes her lovable and a wonder through Rex's portrait of her and stories about her.

Mr. Swinnerton has the rare gift of gaiety in his picture of this little world and its denizens. There is nothing Pollyanna-ish about this gaiety.



—*Howard Coster.*

Frank Swinnerton — "no concessions to sentiment."

In the deep-cut etching of the grim, pitiable Dr. Anderson not a line is left out; the serious differences between Rex and Elizabeth are honestly handled and in the portrait of Mrs. Earle, one of Rex's patrons, Mr. Swinnerton makes no concessions to sentiment. He does not disguise the hardness of life in this strange postwar England nor his own impatience with a world where even the good intentions are confused. His gaiety is a thing achieved, won by thought and struggle and by a philosophy that refuses to find death itself anything but a necessary experience, not to be judged before the event. Rose Anderson's dying has great and poignant beauty; and the grave, sad comedy of the visiting physicians, all top men in their profession, is subtle and gentle. I don't think Mr. Swinnerton's power to paint family life has ever been shown more masterfully than in this book. "The Doctor's Wife Comes to Stay" is a superb conversation piece, in which the figures and the landscape are admirably adjusted. There is only one character who seems rather oversize, a little overconscious in his attitudes, and rather too voluble for a great painter; yet if Rex Tweed is a thought out of proportion, Mr. Swinnerton so contrives it that he never obscures the lovely women who are the delight of this book.

Clubwomen & Cause

DEEPWOOD. By Blanche Chenery Perrin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 222 pp. $2.75.

By Sara Henderson Hay

THERE have been numerous satires, some kindly and some not, on the activities of civic-minded ladies. Mrs. Perrin's novel skirts the edge of this tempting province, but in so guileless and warm-hearted a fashion that her story about Clubwomen with a Cause appears principally a testimony to woman's diplomacy, the gentle art of allowing someone else to have *her* way.

Not that the four energetic matrons who proposed to restore the tumbledown Jeffersonian mansion of Deepwood to its former colonial glory were above a few iron-handed tactics when they deemed it necessary, but their velvet gloves were seldom removed, and they pursued their objective with an innocent cunning which was as irresistible as it was baffling to the mere men whose assets they decided to enlist in their campaign. Janie Oliver and her three friends, inspired by a visit to Williamsburg, looked upon the once-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lovely Deepwood, crumbling to decay on the outskirts of their home town, Shelby, Virginia, and saw in it an antiquarian shrine. They went to work. "You take a lot of lively old girls like my mother and her friends," remarks a character in the book, "and the man isn't made who can hold out against what they want."

The mortgage had to be lifted. Somehow Janie persuaded the town banker that it would be the bank's privilege to cancel it in the newly founded Deepwood Memorial Association's favor. Deepwood had to be restored. Janie bethought herself of a contractor, at the moment languishing in jail for some devious transactions, and got him out on parole so that he could donate his services to the restoration. And she managed, by a couple of well-placed threats, to keep him from further deviations. Janie's daughter's suitor happened to be a New York architect. Need we say more? If Pilgrimages and Tours were to be made to Deepwood, the roads around Shelby would have to be fixed. And Janie, with wiles and homemade pound cake and blackberry wine, so charmed the local road commissioner that he, a lonely widower, not only agreed to do the job but proposed marriage to Janie. She turned him down, and it took a lot of maneuvering to salve his feelings and still get what she wanted, but she did it. The Railroad Hotel, Shelby's only hostelry, was deemed unfit by the ladies for the Pilgrims who would flock to the shrine. It became, in spite of its proprietor's frantic kicks against the pricks of this determined quartet, an Inn—At the Sign of the White Magnolia.

Woven into the story is the romance of Janie's daughter, and a nice little lesson about ideals and integrity and true love. All in all, "Deepwood" is a delightful book, as wholesome and pleasant to the taste as Janie's own homemade pound cake.

Little Refugee in Vermont

HOMEWARD BORNE. By Ruth Chatterton. New York: Simon & Schuster. 312 *pp. Cloth,* $3. *Readers' edition,* $1.

By Louise Field Cooper

PROBABLY no more earnest attempt to solve the question of race prejudice, via light fiction, has ever been made than in this novel, "Homeward Borne," by Ruth Chatterton. Miss Chatterton is convinced not only that race prejudice is a very bad thing but that the lot of a European refugee in America is hard and she has gone to some trouble, though not trouble enough, to say so.

This is the story of Jan, a boy refugee from Poland, who was taken by Pax Lyttleton to live with her and her small son in a college town in Vermont, and of Pax herself who when young had been that familiar character the neglected only child who strays about the house unloved by her father because her mother had died at her birth. She was lonely because Mr. Lyttleton, sternly true to the tradition governing all such fathers, was committed to shutting himself up in the study, the convenient retreat which must always be incorporated in the ground-floor plan of all such houses for the nursing of grievances. Pax grew up wonderfully ignorant, apathy her native element. Even a love affair with Jake Felder, the most brilliant man in his class, did not prevent her from lapsing into matrimony with an easy-going Southerner, who, throughout most of the book, remains conveniently remote, off at the war. It is while he is away that Pax's only friend, a young professor of psychiatry, persuades her to adopt a child who had been in a concentration camp. This must have taken some doing but the reader is not told how.

Conveniently for Pax's soul, the child, Jan, turns out to be Jewish, which wipes away the lingering, uncomfortable, guilty feelings she has about having let down Jake Felder, not long since killed off in the Pacific.

Jan's presence in her house is unpopular with her narrow-minded, cocktail-drinking Vermont neighbors and when he is sent to boarding school his supercilious Harvard-trained master does not allow him, because of his race, to recite in math class though the child is obviously a mathematical genius, and things generally get rather hard for Jan and Pax, but easier and easier for Miss Chatterton — to whom all chuckles are soft, all smiles either happy or ironic, all train seats dusty —because it turns out that the easy-going Southern husband, when he finally does return to Vermont, has been caddishly amusing himself with beautiful blonde Nazi girls, thus rendering himself totally unworthy to be a good foster father to Jan, let alone a fit husband for Pax, who has been so thoroughly, if only recently, awakened to world problems by the young professor of psychiatry who lives just across the green and who is—of all things!—a bachelor.

The novel has yet to be written which truly gives the emotions of Americans who take in refugees, of whatever race and country. The attempts to date have been concerned, as this one is, with characters tailored to fit a plot, with characters and situations and feelings tweaked and tacked into shape. And where is the novel written by a refugee, giving his portrait of us, his rescuers? A sobering, surprising document that will be, when it comes.

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

Blanche Chenery Perrin—"ideals and integrity and true love."

—*Editta Sherman.*

Ruth Chatterton—"Chuckles are soft, smiles . . . happy or ironic."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Momism & a Love Child

SON AND STRANGER. By David Demarest Lloyd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 209 *pp.* $2.50.

By Josephine Lawrence

THE AMERICAN wife and mother takes another drubbing in this story of a parental pilgrimage. The author has written a morality play in which the tares of momism and materialism all but choke the growth of a child's freedom and love. Unfortunately, the drama has been reduced to the level of a puppet show. One set of strings manipulates the shallow, selfish, and wealthy American father and mother of a son; another set of cords controls the intelligent, liberal, and poor English pair who have a daughter. Always the directing voice and hands are the voice and hands of Mr. Lloyd.

His theme is relatively simple and rich in poignant possibilities. Luke and Belle Milam, from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, set out on the journey to Cambridge, England, for the purpose of bringing home the body of their son, Matthew. A bombardier, Matthew was killed in a raid over Europe.

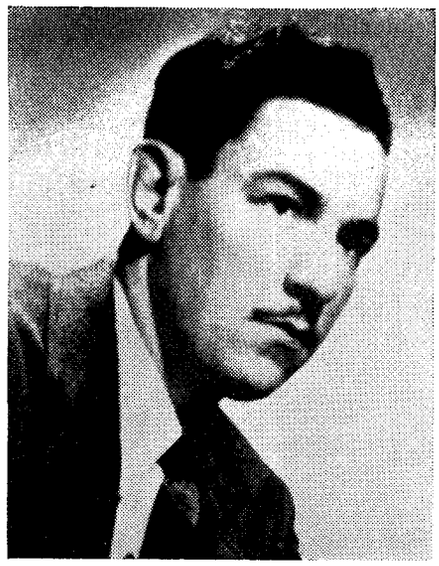
In England the Milams discover a small bunch of wild flowers on Matthew's grave and are anxious to discover who has so remembered him. Their search eventually results in introducing them to Benjamin Harris, his wife, and their daughter, Mary, the mother of Matthew Milam's child.

To their shocked surprise and pathetic bewilderment, Matthew's parents are told that their son had been desperately determined to keep his new life a secret from them. He had, in effect, come to loathe the relationship in the light of his English contrasts and comparisons.

Mary, whom he was prepared to marry when suddenly ordered on his final mission, is beautiful and young. She has, naturally, an instant and tremendous appeal for Luke, a situation that is not exactly novel. Belle plays an unsympathetic role throughout, insisting on a secret and close relationship with her departed son and behaving coldly toward Mary. At that her resentment and jealousy are more real than the unruffled serenity of Mary's mother—who, incidentally, will never be asked to accept a daughter-in-law.

Since the Milams are from the Middle West, traditional home of conservative industrialists, it is not surprising that Luke should make the traditional move of trying to bribe the Harris family to let him have the child. Mary is engaged to marry a brilliant English scientist and Luke and Belle argue that she will be willing to part with Matthew Junior. She refuses with finality and lets them know that their son had considered them unfit to bring up his child. However, she also explains, with less emphasis, that Matthew loved his father and mother and hated only the corrosive taint of their ideas. In the end they decide to return to the United States as they left it—the boy will stay with Mary, the body of their son remain in its English grave.

Perhaps if Matthew had been allowed on stage he might have supplied the spark of conviction that the book now lacks. In spite of the flawless perfection of the Harris household—or because of it—the reader is plagued by a suspicion that Matthew may have repudiated his parents, his background, his country's form of government (Mary and her father had sold Socialism to him), and everything remotely connected with his past simply in a confused attempt to prove himself emancipated. Since he did not live to see a postwar England his hasty conversion went untested and he appears to have escaped the domination of his mother only to yield to the management of a wife.



Martin M. Goldsmith—"the drollness of good folk."

Yanqui Dollars in Puerto Miguel

THE MIRACULOUS FISH OF DOMINGO GONZALES. By Martin M. Goldsmith. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 207 *pp.* $2.75.

By Robert Pick

THE encounter of easy-going Latin traditionalism with American business spirit has formed the theme of many a witty or poignant story. But rarely has this tragi-comedy been enacted with as vivid a humor as in the present short novel, the first book of a New York-born writer and traveler who made Mexico his home for a couple of years.

The locale of his story is the fishing village of Puerto Miguel, a place very much like hundreds of others, with good and less good, simple people who, until the arrival of Mr. Mulligan, have never thought of changing their ways and their wishes. Some rewards for their labor, some leisure, a few glasses of *tequila*, a little card game, an occasional call on the sparsely staffed bordello—that's about all they have asked for. The *yanqui* entrepreneur teaches them differently. He is interested in sharks, or rather, in their livers, much needed by the vitamin company he works for. He soon has all the fishermen going after the hitherto despised and feared monsters and presently enjoying the amenities of material civilization such as the sudden prosperity bestows upon the community.

Before the Great Change Domingo Gonzales has caught nothing but shark. Now he miserably fails. Debt-ridden and despairing of ever getting into a position that will enable him to marry the girl he loves, he becomes almost an outcast. For the old social order, as well as the primitive belief, of Puerto Miguel has been replaced by the worship of Success.

Mr. Goldsmith records the rise of this Mexican village by offering some lively glimpses of its inhabitants caught in the whirlwind of economic change and progress. One of his most lovable characters is the village pen renter, Alejandro, who finds himself out of work in no time. Father Salvador, the parish priest, is less well drawn, I'd say—though his doubts as to the blessings of the new era, turning into detestation, are convincing throughout.

The author's humor, dwelling on the drollness of the good folk of Puerto Miguel, wears slightly thin as his tale draws to its end. But the dramatic speed with which the ironical climax is reached—competitive business defeating itself—makes up for whatever shortcomings reviewers may be tempted to point out. Certainly you will be entertained.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adventurer

NOT BY ANY SINGLE MAN. By Brigid Knight. New York: Doubleday & Co. 309 pp. $3.

By VICTOR P. HASS

SOME years ago Brigid Knight staked out a modest literary claim on a portion of South Africa. Now, in "Not by Any Single Man" she has wandered off the reservation and, to put it bluntly, she has fallen flat on her face. This is just another novel about England during the Napoleonic Era and you yawn when you say "just another." The only enjoyment I got out of it was reading aloud some of the silly, solemn twaddle uttered by almost any of her characters.

The story is cut from a pattern so popular it is now shabby. There's this girl, Catherine. She lives on a coastal farm. On a neighboring farm are two brothers. One, naturally, is sober, solid, and serious. The other, naturally, is a handsome, gay adventurer who is quick with a sword and a caution with the women. Catherine chooses the gay one, of course.

Well, sir, this combination smuggler, spy, Robin Hood, Pimpernel, Don Juan marries the gal, parks her, and off for further adventures he goes. He reports back occasionally to sire another baby, to brief Catherine on the French Revolution, to pick up some clean clothes and a bit of money, and, on one occasion, to drop off his illegitimate daughter by a French woman of "noble birth." Catherine is patient and ever-loving through it all. About midway the clunk fields a cannon ball or some such along with Nelson aboard the *Victory* at Trafalgar. Catherine wept for him but I certainly couldn't.

Anyway, Miss Knight then picks up the story of the illegitimate daughter, yclept Madeleine, and you are dragged along while she marries a cliché named Sir Francis Dallas, no less! Pretty soon Sir F. breaks his neck in a fall from a horse and Madeleine is left to fight it out with his harridan mother. Withdrawing in good order with her bustle bristling, she returns to the dear old homestead with her brood. "We will live quietly," Madeleine says. "I long to stay here in peace with you. My life is over, Mother. Everything is finished."

I could murmur only a fervent "Thank God!"

Pioneer Woman

EACH BRIGHT RIVER. By Mildred Masterson McNeilly. New York: William Morrow & Co. 308 pp. $3.

By PAMELA TAYLOR

THOSE who dislike violence, one assumes, do not pick out detective stories for light reading, nor do those who cannot stomach romance somewhat more highly colored than life select today's historical novels. (The current jacket convention makes it easy to be sure that the book *is* historical fiction.) But for those who are willing to accept heroines and heroes slightly more beautiful, more strong, more silent than anything this side of Hollywood, "Each Bright River" is really entertaining reading. For Mrs. McNeilly has caught something of the excitement, the vision, and the dogged courage which sent the covered wagons painted "54-40 or fight" rolling across the continent to the extravagantly beautiful Oregon Country.

Kitty Gatewood, blonde, beautiful, gently born in South Carolina, with all the imperious assurance of the aristocrat masking intelligence, fortitude, and considerable resource, arrived on the American bark *Sea Bird* around the Horn from New York and was landed at Oregon City with Jessie Pearl, her Negro slave girl, and a fabulous wardrobe in five trunks. Not many eighteen-year-old girls would have made the six months' trip alone in 1845, but Kitty was newly orphaned. Phillip Davis, heir to his family's great Carolina estate, engaged to her she could scarcely remember how long, had come out to the Oregon Country until the aftermath of an unfortunate duel had blown over at home. When answers to her letters ceased, Kitty, self-willed and sure of herself, had come out to marry him and sail back with him to take up their life on their inherited Carolina plantation. But the fate toward which the yawl of the *Sea Bird* bore her, in the rain and spray and incredible beauty of the Columbia River, was not what she had pictured for herself in any particular.

Before the story ends we have seen Kitty Gatewood married (but not to Davis), widowed, and at last united to the man whose arrogant attraction she had resisted with equally fierce pride from her first glimpse of him on landing. We have watched her share in most of the hardships which were the everyday lot of the indomitable pioneer women; privation, fear of the Indians, illness, poverty, loneliness; seen her triumph over the hazards of frontier life with considerable ingenuity and determination, possessed against her will and intention by the majestic beauty of the country which, improbably, she was to come to think of as "home," winning a place for herself in the community and in the hearts of her neighbors.

But if it is Kitty's story in particular which Mrs. McNeilly tells, it is the skilfully painted backdrop which will linger in the reader's memory. The color as well as the privation of a frontier settlement is caught — the dark shadows of the silent Indians, the songs of the French Canadians, the wilderness-born wisdom of the trappers and woodsmen, the swagger of the confident British officers, and the stubborn hopes of the Americans. Briefly, the days when building a new railroad was something more than a commercial enterprise; when the promise of gold could draw all the men, the sober as well as the adventurous, from a town; when there was a new world to conquer.

Mankind's Fate

LIFE BEGINS TOMORROW, by Sydney Parkman. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3. Here is another addition to that growing shelf of literature which attempts to prophesy an unpretty fate for mankind. Mr. Parkman chooses a plague as his weapon of destruction and England as the plague spot but the implication is obvious that it might very well be atomic or bacteriological warfare on a worldwide scale. He does a rather thorough job of reducing His Majesty's subjects to ashes in a fashion so grim as to be reminiscent of Nazi crematories. The few fortunate survivors must start from scratch to rebuild their civilization with little more than the hope that life *will* begin tomorrow. Why Marsden, Stella, Morgan, and the rest have survived and whether they are the people hardy enough to carry out this task are moot points. There is certainly an abundance of realism in his story but the author has failed to create characters who are memorable in any way. If you've a strong stomach, however, you may possibly digest this novel without too many ill effects.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
Editor
Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board
Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman, Board of Directors
E. DeGolyer
Associate Editors
Amy Loveman John Mason Brown
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors
Bennett Cerf John T. Winterich
Mary Gould Davis Irving Kolodin
James Thrall Soby

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Contents Copyrighted, 1950, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

A Credo for the Artist

The following guest editorial is by the director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It is drawn from an address at the Seventy-fifth Anniversary Celebration of the Wellesley College Alumnae.

LAST winter I overheard two middle-aged women, dripping mink, at the Van Gogh show. One said, "My dear, isn't it tragic that Van Gogh died before psychoanalysis was discovered? He might not have cut off his ear." The other one replied very quickly, "No, I think you are mistaken; he would have cut it off anyhow but he would have known why he did it." The old-fashioned words of "faith," "character," and "guts" have been thrown into the discard in favor of the rational explanation for spineless eccentricity. Reality itself has become so horrible that rather than meet it face to face in politics, in art, or in poetry, we take refuge in the super-real. We have conveniently discovered that to our own generation we are more nonobjectionable if we are nonobjective.

Individual security on its face value seems almost the last thing which the arts are giving today to either the spectator or the practitioner. We are in the midst of ideological and theological controversies in the arts which emanate from the same anxieties and uncertainties that govern man's economic and political life. And these, of course, spring directly from the disorder in his own soul. Since he has no clear idea of what he wants, the artist is seldom able to recognize what he has at hand. The existence of disorder in his outer universe he considers the signal for despair and he therefore makes a wholesale form of surrender to what he in his egotism believes to be a unique conspiracy of historical circumstances.

AS THE artist has emancipated himself from traditional authority he has inevitably run the risk of becoming mesmerized by his own omniscience and experience. The psychological and psychotic trend of the day is away from universals which have survived the centuries despite the anxieties and crises of other times and peoples, and has become dependent upon the finite limitations of his own daily existence in a mechanized world of tomorrow. Like the manufacturers of motor cars, the artist feels compelled to put his 1951 model in the galleries and on the market before the year 1950 has run its course. He has forgotten, as one critic has put it, the primacy of being over form and feeling, and the primacy of being over finite beings. Thus the artist has developed a tendency to throw away the old order in a frenzied search for the new. The greatest fault of the modern artist lies not in his inability to say what he means but that he has so little to say at all. That is because he has so little faith, so little within himself to measure against the brief moment of his mortal experience. To be sure, if he learns the vocabulary of art and learns the rudiments of drawing and painting, the student will more quickly be able to release the vision that is locked up within him. But if there is no vision, in the empty cell, no course in Christendom will prevent the anxieties of his age from crowding in upon him. His capacity to give is no greater than his willingness to receive. He must accept the content of art as well as its form.

Last January, quite by accident, I had a prophetic vision of the future. My wife and I arrived in Santa Fe, New Mexico, for the Feast of Saint Ildefonso. Motoring out to the pueblo, we arrived in time for early Mass. All of the village was gathered in the Mission Church along with the dogs and babies. As the sermon was being pronounced first in Spanish then in English by the Franciscan Friar, boys were shooting off guns outside the church to ward off the evil spirits. Immediately following, the two great ceremonial dances of the pueblo were performed, first before the church and then in the village square. War paint, the Apache ritual and the Comanche Buffalo dance, feathers, banners, the trappings of nearly a thousand years of pageantry, the advent of the Christian brotherhood, Spain, and the United States. Then, scarcely six miles away across the reservation, there followed with inexorable regularity the rhythmic explosions at Los Alamos, which shook the ground on which we stood. If the Indians understood the implications they did not show it in their faces. Perhaps they were beyond fear of the White Man's ingenuity. And life goes on.

Twenty-five years ago, the year after I had graduated from college, I taught English for the French Government in the Lycee at Chartres. The boys whom I taught were later the young men of the Maginot Line. They were the sons of prosperous, small landowners in that great plain of La Beauce, which is the truck garden that traditionally has provided the vegetables for the Parisian tables. It was a moment of political crisis and anxiety. Herriot had been brought from Lyons to become Prime Minister and save the franc and everything in the background of the boys who attended this school was completely bourgeois. Already one could feel the creeping paralysis fastening itself upon their minds, paralysis which was to bring France to the degradation of the Vichy

Dispatch

(*Associated Press, October* 3, 19—)

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

BY SPECIAL lens, photoelectric cells,
"Rays from the moon were heard throughout Great Britain,"
Whose tone was like "the tolling of large bells
Deprived of resonance"; so it was written.

That moonlight was transmuted into sound
Made news for which some other speech was meant;
Again, in poetry, the rays resound,
Language which meets and dovetails the event.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Government. The faculty were, for the large part, brilliant young men from the University of Paris, who dreamed and thought of nothing else but the great Soviet experiment, upon which they sought to pattern their existence. Fresh and green from an American campus, where I had almost never heard these matters discussed, I was horrified by the insidious infiltration of Russian Communism in this placid countryside. Again, at the University of Paris, where I was pursuing my studies, I encountered the same teachings and the same despair. Returning to France repeatedly between 1925 and the outbreak of the war, I saw the disintegration and the collapse of the intellectuals of my own generation. It was not a pleasant spectacle and I learned the hard way that defeatism is too expensive a luxury for the modern age. It will take a great deal more than psychiatry and modern art to put the world back on its feet. It is a stimulating experience to explore the roots of the misery of our own times but the moment has perhaps arrived to start calling our shots. Let us substitute for the litany of destruction of Kafka and Jean-Paul Sartre a more ancient Scottish litany which may help us to ward off the Evil Eye:

From ghoulies and ghaesties
And long legged beasties
And things that go bump in the night
Gude Laird Deliver us.

—Francis Henry Taylor.

Dixon Wecter

IN THE death of Dixon Wecter *The Saturday Review* has lost a devoted friend and one of its most valued contributors. But the loss is far wider than to the magazine alone; it is to the country which he loved so well, studied so assiduously, and interpreted with so much acumen. A Texan by birth and a Californian by residence, Mr. Wecter had the ranging interest, the wide horizon, the energy, and the vigor of the West, and to these qualities he added the meticulous scholarship of the historian and the critical judgment of the student of letters. Whether he was writing of the hero in American literature, or of the soldiers who fought our wars and the problems of demobilization which faced them when Johnny came marching home, of Mark Twain, of whose estate he was for the past few years literary editor, or of the Roosevelt years and the era of the Depression, he was discerning in his insight and stimulating in his conclusions. He was intensely interested in the problems of citizenship, in freedom, individual and collective—he had taken an active part in the controversy in the University of California over the loyalty oath—, and in international affairs and world federation. He had been chairman of the permanent research staff of the Huntington Library in San Marino, visiting professor in American history at the University of Sydney, Australia, and at the time of his death was professor of United States history at the University of California. A sound and enthusiastic scholar, Dixon Wecter wore his learning lightly. He will be sadly missed in the fields he tilled so profitably and by the friends who drew delight from his companionship.

—A. L.

Bookmarks

HIGHEST commencement honors at the University of Nevada last year were won by a girl who earned her way by working as a dealer in a legalized gambling casino. Stick close to your books, lassie; let the chips fall where they may.

* * *

One of the lesser but irritating confusions of these times is the substitution, by some sports writers and toastmasters and book-jacket blurbists, of *masterful* for *masterly*. Even when employed with approximate accuracy, *masterly* is one of those words of which the lifetime allotment, per individual, ought not to exceed three uses.

* * *

"What time does the show begin?" I asked in my best Columbia University English.—"The Gift of Glory," by W. Carroll Munro.

Sounds like one of the less demanding courses.

* * *

Kenneth P. Williams's "Lincoln Finds a General: A Military Study of the Civil War," a tart and highly readable treatise of which the basic thesis is that soldiers are people, has some illuminating observations on Army English as revealed in battle orders and related documents, and on the light thereby thrown on the character of the writers. Mr. Williams offers, among many other examples, two contrasting messages written on the eve of the Wilderness campaign. Here is the first, dated Germanna Ford (on the Rapidan), May 4, 1864:

Major General Burnside:
Make forced marches until you reach this place. Start your troops now in the rear, the moment they can be got off, and require them to make a night march. Answer.

U. S. Grant,
Lieutenant-General.

And here is the second, written the same day, and sent from New Verdierville, less than ten miles from Germanna Ford:

Lieutenant-General Ewell:
General:
General Lee directs me to inform you that he will be found in the woods opposite this house tonight. He wishes you to be ready to move on early in the morning. If the enemy moves down the river, he wishes to push on after him. If he comes this way, we will take our old line. The general's desire is to bring him to battle as soon now as possible. General Hill is on this road. Heth has passed this place. Wilcox near here. Longstreet is on our right, moving up. The cavalry on your front has been instructed to keep you informed of all movements of the enemy.

Respectfully,
W. H. Taylor,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Mr. Williams appends this comment:

Here is war with great courtliness and some indefiniteness. Grant's blunt telegram to Burnside, written by himself, and Lee's polite note to Ewell, written and signed by an adjutant, reveal some of the difference between the two great captains. Battle had not yet been joined; there had been only very light and intermittent contact; not a soldier may have fallen. Nevertheless, the two great generals revealed themselves in a small but highly important matter in the business of war, in their orders.

Over the intervening eighty-six years and three wars, the Army has (beg pardon—would appear to have) gone over largely to the technique of English composition Southern style.

* * *

"Do you ever have nightmares in which you're being chased round an untidy hotel room by an enormous dog-eared, gravy-stained book?"—"A Forest of Eyes," by Victor Canning.

Never, thank God.

* * *

What was the original token in "by the same token"? —J. T. W.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Scottsboro Boy"

SIR: I have never read any of Mr. Hodding Carter's books but I see that you have him classified as a "liberal Southerner." As a Negro American I classify most "liberal Southerners" about the same way as the more understanding Jews in Germany classified the "liberal Nazis"—who at the moment of Maidenek and other fiendish tortures did not shove the bodies into the gas chambers but only looked the other way.

Mr. Carter has looked the other way by diverting the reader of the (to me) magnificent "Scottsboro Boy" [*SRL* June 10] from the subject of the book itself to a McCarthy-line attack on the authors, whom he makes guilty "by association." In my opinion, Mr. Carter slanders the sorrow and anguish of the Scottsboro boys by his attempt to turn a review of a book that exposes the vileness of race prejudice into an attack on the role of the International Labor Defense.

But far worse, in his next to the last paragraph Mr. Carter seems to be saying that it is Haywood Patterson who is responsible for "the racial hate that pervades the book." He admits grudgingly in the greatest understatement of the year that "undoubtedly, the eighteen years of unjustified, brutalizing imprisonment intensified Patterson's hatred for Southern whites"! He then goes on in typical jim-crow psychology to insult this racial martyr by adding, "But it was already there, as was the young Negro's truculence." To millions of Negroes this is the refined, intellectual, *liberal* way of saying: "Nigger, keep your place and no harm will come to you."

Then to end his review Mr. Carter accepts the nonliberal Southern view that Haywood Patterson was "a bad nigger" anyway, who would have ended up in jail even if he had not been framed. He charges Patterson with the "moral degeneracy, the physical debilitation, and the mental warping" which the book proves arise out of the moral miasma of the (to Negroes) Fascist South.

These are troubled times. Naturally I and fourteen million other Negroes can only smile ruefully whenever our national orators speak of this land as the greatest democracy in the world for to every Negro, famous or obscure, educated or ignorant, these United States remain a land of bondage where we live in second-class citizenship. Our skin is as much a badge as the yellow patches Hitler placed on the Jews and our lives are perched on the edge of physical, economic, or social disaster as much as those of the Jews under Hitler. We dark-skinned people everywhere watch the contest between the East and West, studying with interest to see which of the contending philosophies means "freedom" for us—not freedom on paper or in speeches, but true, complete, unequivocal freedom.

By even innocently publishing Mr. Carter's indictment of "Scottsboro Boy"—a book every decent Negro has actually lived—the *SRL* has inadvertently, I hope, contributed its mite to the preservation of America's shame, racial discrimination.

In these days one does not dare sign his name for fear he will lose his job if he speaks out, or if he is out of work that his friends may lose their jobs just by the mere fact of association.

But this letter is soaked in the tears of brotherhood for Haywood Patterson and all the countless thousands of Negroes who have been jailed and beaten and tortured and lynched in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty.

M. N. B.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: The mass guilt in the South about the Negro apparently cuts across all class and group lines. The touchiness is pervasive and ranges all the way from baboon Congressmen to men fully erect. In his *SRL* review of "Scottsboro Boy" Hodding Carter writes: "Like the Haymarket and Sacco-Vanzetti convictions, *and others that also disprove the regionalism of bigotry*, the Scottsboro case cannot be defended." (Italics mine.)

This is a subtle sort of defensiveness, viz., we stink, maybe, but you stink, too. Now nobody here up Nawth says we're odorless but Carter's analogy is phoney because he's not juxtaposing comparatives. The issue is not civil liberties generally—but regional treatment of the Negro. And our militant Mississippian is doing a disservice to liberalism by beclouding the point.

His Dixieland touchiness is further illustrated by his concluding doubt that Patterson "would have escaped a Southern jail for long had he not been found guilty of an alleged crime that the record disproves."

This last is perilously close to the race-criminality thesis of the late Drs. Goebbels and Rosenberg. It is saying, in effect, that even though Patterson was not guilty of rape he was a "criminal type," and would have eventuated in jail for some other offense.

Such are the dangers of a neurotically defensive position. Carter deplores the despicable system of race relations in his area but when these conditions produce reactive bitterness and hatred, and Patterson is antisocial (i.e., against these conditions), the Southern liberal is horrified.

I suggest that this jittery Southerner reread an excellent novel on the subject: "Winds of Fear"—by Hodding Carter.

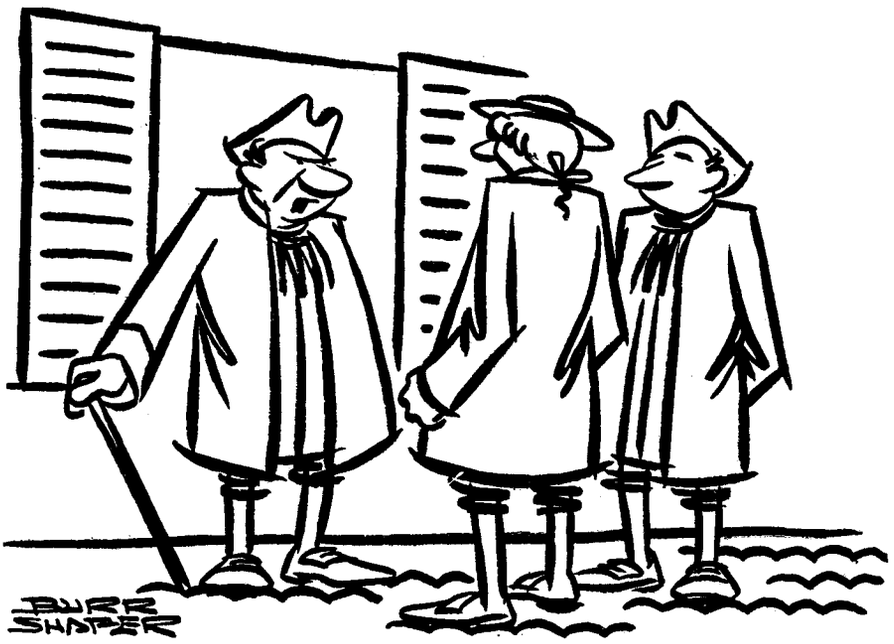
JOHN BRIGHT.

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Having just read the review of "Scottsboro Boy," I am shocked by Hodding Carter's bigoted, racialist, and sullen review of what may be the greatest document since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of our tragic, Fascist treatment of Negroes in America. I think it astonishing that you do not give such a book to Langston Hughes or some other great Negro writer to re-review. Please make amends for Mr. Carter's fantastic review!

V. T. BARNES.

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"And, although I offered my military advice to Washington personally, he's listening to some Polish fellow whose name I can't even pronounce."

Not Fiction

SIR: I am grateful for the very kind review of "Ten Days to Die" [*SRL* May 27]. I note, however, entirely through inadvertency, of course, the review was placed under FICTION NOTES. If any further reference is made to my book in your esteemed journal, would you be so kind as to have it catalogued in current history, for it is, of course, not fiction.

MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

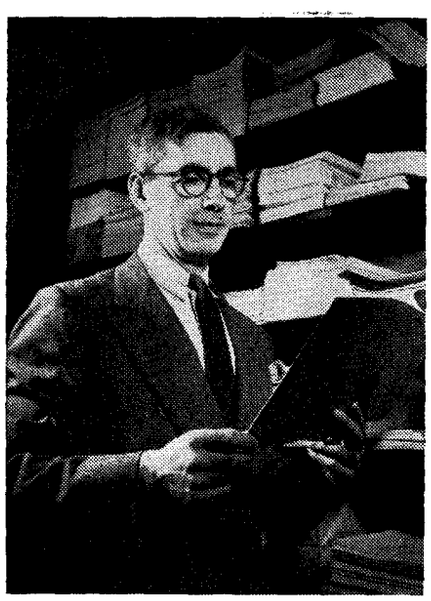
Ideas and Studies.

Readers of The Saturday Review of Literature *are familiar with the theme of Ashley Montagu's book "On Being Human" for it first appeared as a leading article in this review last November. Mr. Montagu has now extended his work to carry forward his belief that co-operation and love rather than strife and conflict are the law of life. With the world seemingly bent upon defying the law his book has a most timely appeal, even if his propositions have not yet been accepted as a proved scientific fact. What title could be more challenging to the intellectual than that of David Bryn-Jones's long essay—"The Dilemma of the Idealist"? This leads to "Small Town Renaissance"—a book which deals with that idealism which our forefathers seemed to have when we practised democracy in its purest form, as in the town meeting. If not wholly conclusive these three books are at least thoughtful.*

The Law of Life

ON BEING HUMAN. By Ashley Montagu. New York: Henry Schuman. 122 pp. $1.95.

By Robert Bierstedt



Ashley Montagu—"conflict at the expense of cooperation is false."

THE THESIS of this little book elicited considerable comment, not all of it uncritical, when it first appeared in these pages as an article ["Man and the Social Appetite," *SRL* Nov. 19, 1949]. We have it now in a slightly expanded form, which may still be simply stated as follows: co-operation and love, not conflict and strife, are the law of life. Heraclitus and Empedocles among the Greeks and Seneca among the Romans were wrong when they insisted that opposition was biological fact. Hobbes was wrong when he asserted that the life of man was a *bellum omnium contra omnes*. Wrong also were the social Darwinists when they talked about the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. The fittest may survive, but they do so because they cooperate and not because they complete. Cooperation is no mere ethical norm; it has a solid base in the biological nature of man. John Donne was right when he said that no man is an island, entire of itself. Science supports his poetic judgment and if we take it seriously we can hope to solve the problems of the atomic age.

This thesis is not, of course, a new one. Kropotkin published his classic work on mutual aid in 1902 and it has, moreover, played an important role in various schools of sociological thought. Montagu acknowledges these schools and brings new biological evidence to bear upon their hypotheses. Any view of life, he says, which emphasizes conflict at the expense of cooperation is false. It is false because it runs contrary to the social nature of human beings and, indeed, all other animals. Reproduction itself, in all but the lowest forms of life, is not only a sexual but also a social act. The relationship between mother and child is not only a physiological relationship but also a social one. These are basic biological conditions; they account for the social appetite of man and validate the Aristotelian dictum that man is a social animal.

As partial evidence for these assertions the author introduces studies of infants who have been deprived of the love of their mothers and who thereupon begin to fail without apparent organic cause. In fact, he attributes a certain lack of affection and of emotional warmth in the English, as contrasted with the Russians and the Italians, to the prevalence of governesses and of boarding schools. When he suggests, however, that this may also explain the ability of the upper-class Englishman to rule subject peoples he may unwittingly be jeopardizing his central theme. When he decides that failure to develop "social competence" in an individual is due to the deprivation of love during the first six years of life he might be requested to explain how such deprivation, since it contradicts biological fact, can occur. And when he finally prescribes education for co-operation in the public schools he might be asked why we need to educate children to conform to their biological natures.

The reader may be inclined to wait, therefore, before he accepts the author's proposition as a proven scientific fact. Additional evidence is promised in a larger and more technical book. Whether or not it rests upon sound biological and sociological foundations, however, Mr. Montagu's message is an earnest and important one, and it deserves both prominent attention and thoughtful consideration.

'Twixt Saint & Brute

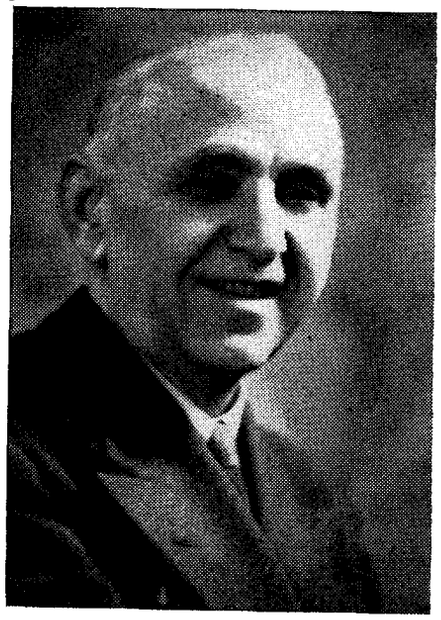
THE DILEMMA OF THE IDEALIST. By David Bryn-Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co. 278 pp. $3.

By Brand Blanshard

"AS SOCIETY is now constituted," said A. N. Whitehead, "a literal adherence to the moral precepts scattered throughout the Gospels would mean sudden death." It is this that gives rise to the dilemma of the idealist. He has seen case after case in recent decades of men who stuck to their principles in high, unbending fashion only to play into the hands of the enemy. Wilson refused to compromise with the reservationists, with the result that he carried his great cause down with him in defeat. Pacifists, because they could not bear to resort to force, opposed the use of sanctions against Japan and Italy, with the result that the aggression they so detested spread like a pestilence.

But is not the alternative even worse? To gain your ends by trimming your principles seems to the idealist sheer treason, and what does it profit a man to gain those ends if he loses his soul in the process? In the state of opinion after the first great war, it was perhaps not practical politics to impose light terms on Ger-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



David Bryn-Jones — "Compromise with evil may be a duty."

many; yet to impose the harsh terms of the treaty was to turn one's back on clear and solemn engagements. The only argument respected by Nazism in the Thirties or Stalinism in the Fifties seems to be the argument for force, and yet to many the appeal to force is an abandonment of reason and Christian principles.

This is the dilemma which Mr. Bryn-Jones tries to solve. He is in a good position to reflect on it fruitfully for he has divided his life between the ministry and the teaching of political science, first in England and his native Wales, and then for many years at Carleton College, Minnesota; furthermore, he is the biographer of Frank B. Kellogg, whose well-meant outlawry of war had so prompt and disillusioning a sequel.

The solution given in this book will not satisfy anyone who wants an incisive answer in black and white. Indeed, it is the essence of the author's contention that any such answer is bound to be wrong. The saint and the brute are both likely to fail for the same ultimate reason: they oversimplify the case. Gandhi's attempt to abjure modern machinery for the spinning-wheel is as futile, however high-minded, as Hitler's attempt to solve everything by force. Mr. Bryn-Jones quotes Burke: "All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter. We balance inconveniences; we give and take." It is the same with regard to the impasse over Russia. The thoroughgoing idealist is all for pushing Russia out by abolishing the veto of withdrawing to form a league of our own. But "the withdrawal of either the United States or Russia would immediately divide the world into two opposing forces around which the other nations of the world would group themselves. . . . To insist, therefore, on what is ideally desirable in this case would be to court the dangers from which humanity is striving to escape."

Not that compromise is always right. When it sacrifices the greater good to the smaller, it is clearly wrong, as Mr. Bryn-Jones thinks it was in the Anglo-German naval agreement of 1935 and again at Munich; in each case collective security was sold out for an immediate national security. But where one really faces the choice between two evils and elects the lesser as a way of avoiding a worse, compromise with evil may be a duty. There are those who roundly denounce this as sin. But that is to confuse what is repugnant with what is wrong. And if a course is the best course practically possible, it is never wrong.

There are exceptionable things about this book. Its pace is overleisurely; it ought to have an index; for some reason it uniformly refers to Lord Lindsay as Lord Landsay. Its chief merit is a combination of practical sense with moral sensitiveness. But on reflection that is not a bad definition of wisdom.

A Dream in the State of Montana

SMALL TOWN RENAISSANCE. By Richard Waverly Poston. New York: Harper & Bros. 231 *pp.* $3.

By Harry W. Schacter

THIS is truly one of the important books of our time. There is locked up in it a potential which, if let loose, could remake the face of America. The ideas it contains, if applied to 10,000 American communities, could make the lives of millions of Americans immeasurably richer and more rewarding. They could make our democracy so strong that it would serve as a shining example for the rest of the world.

The book tells the story of the "Montana Study" — a study which was designed "to improve the quality of living in the State of Montana." The dream was the dream of Dr. Ernest O. Melby, then chancellor of the University of Montana, and now dean of the School of Education of New York University. Dr. Baker Brownell, professor of philosophy and contemporary thought at Northwestern University, brought the dream to reality in some of the local communities of Montana. He and his associates served as the catalytic agents which enabled the people of those communities to translate their democratic faith into democratic action. This book is especially timely today for America is just beginning a return to its ancient faith — a faith that the people themselves, in their own local communities, can take their destiny in their own hands and make of it almost what they will. The evidences of this return are not yet widespread but the heartening thing about them is that they crop up in so many different places at the same time.

In the early days of the Republic, we practised democracy in this country in almost its purest form, as exemplified in the New England town meeting. As our country grew in size, in complexity, and particularly in industrial development, the control of their own destinies began to flow away from the people in their local communities toward the state capitols and ultimately toward the National Capitol. That steady flow of power away from the local communities finally reached such proportions as to create a serious and alarming danger to our democracy. Our people began to feel that they no longer counted. Becoming "dispossessed," they began to lose the feeling that they had a real stake in our way of life. The "dispossessed" are ready prey for dictators. In recent years, a very important change has been taking place in literally hundreds of communities all over America. The people in these communities have set out to recapture their ancient control of their own destinies. Some of the most heartening examples of this are described in "Small Town Renaissance."

Mr. Poston tells the story of the Montana Study in such a vivid and exciting way that it begins to get the

(*Continued on page* 36)

Correction

In the article "America Can Win the Peace," by Louis Fischer (*SRL* July 1), there is a reference on page 7 and page 37 to the "Voice of America." Through an error in editing, the first letter of the word "voice" was capitalized, making it appear that Mr. Fischer was referring to the overseas information service of the State Department; actually, he had in mind America's position before the world.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READING FOR FUN AND KNOWLEDGE

WILD TREK. By Jim Kjelgaard. New York: Holiday House. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

THE fact that Link Stevens and his half-wild, half-tame dog, Chiri, are the two heroes of this story will bring it into swift popularity among older boys and girls. It is a sequel, really, to "Snow Dog." It is more dramatic but not any better than that tale of the strange friendship that developed between Link and Chiri. It tells of a famous naturalist who wanted to see an albino moose in its native haunts. He flies in to the Caribou Mountains, with a pilot, and the plane crashes. He and his pilot lose everything and are compelled to live an absolutely primitive life until Link and Chiri find them. The pilot, Garridge, is completely insane, with that curious madness that comes to civilized man in the wilderness. But Trigg Antray, the naturalist, although badly hurt in the crash, is both sane and wise. Garridge steals the only gun and the meager supply of food and goes off alone, to be killed by a cougar. Link and Mr. Antray make their way slowly and under almost impossible conditions to Link's camp. They have to live as cavemen lived, eating raw meat before they manage to make their own fire. In the challenge of the wilderness both men, and Chiri, emerge as definite characters—admirable in their courage and self-control. There are some vivid word pictures of the Caribou country and its wild denizens. This is a fine story.

HIGH-WATER CARGO. By Edith M. Doran. Illustrated by Forrest Orr. New York: Whittlesey House. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

WHEN on hot summer days boys and girls ask for a good story this one can be given them with a clear conscience. It *is* a good story, with atmosphere and background, attractive characters, and action that unfolds convincingly—exciting but not melodramatic. It is laid in New Brunswick, New Jersey, in the middle years of the nineteenth century. Dirck Van Arsdalen, the hero, is the son of the lock-keeper on the Canal, which is a channel for goods and passengers between the Port of New York and Philadelphia—and beyond into the West. Dirck is called "Tinker" because he can mend or "fix" anything with his clever, disciplined hands. But Dirck wants to be an engineer and build bridges. The money that he earned working at the Indian Queen, the inn near the Raritan River, he saved toward a two-year course at Rutgers College. But the long illness of Pieter, his older brother, took all of Dirck's savings. It is only through a serious flood and the theft of two jeweled necklaces that Dirck wins his two years at Rutgers and the certainty that he will be Dirck the engineer, not just Dirck the Tinker.

There is excellent characterization in this picture of Dutch New Brunswick and its people; in the civil engineer who comes to enlarge the Canal; in pretty, vivacious Maddy Brant, and in the innkeeper, Staats Barkaloe. Dirck himself is a fine person, a worthy son of a fine father and mother. Through all the story runs a vein of humor, as effortless as it is contagious. The Canal was a busy waterway in those days. The bustling life that makes this story so interesting flowed along its banks as America traveled north and west. Dirck's story is just a bit of this great chronicle. But it is a convincing bit and, as we said before, an unusually good story.

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE ANNUAL: 1950. *Edited by E. V. McLoughlin. New York: The Grolier Society.* 424 *pp.* $7.50.

A DESIRE for information, for a specific knowledge of a variety of things, plays a large part in the reading life of boys and girls. Anyone who has followed their interests closely knows this. There could hardly be a better choice for satisfying them than this latest volume of "The Book of Knowledge." It not only presents the changes that a year has brought to the social and political world, to science, the arts, sports, inventions, and agriculture, but it covers, too, a wide range in other topics, topics so varied and interesting that one wonders who selected them and just why they were chosen. There is a delightful article, with beautiful photographs, on barns. There is one on the wood carvers of Canada, one on fashion design by the famous American designer Gilbert Adrian. There is one on soil conservation by the chief of the United States Soil Conservation Service, one by May Lamberton Becker on the books for boys and girls of 1949. Mrs. Roosevelt writes on the year's work in the United Nations and her article is followed by one on "Venture in Haiti" by the UNESCO officer in charge of the Marbial Project. Sports of all kind are completely covered by competent authorities and the year's outstanding events are given chronologically. The whole book is illustrated with exceptionally fine and well-selected photographs, and it is fully indexed.

STRANGE SEA LIFE. By Gladys Vondy Robertson and Vera M. Graham. Illustrated by Michael Bevans. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 115 *pp.* $2.50.

This friendly, conversational book tells about the fish and the water reptiles that live in and under the sea. Each one has its own illustration, some of them almost incredibly strange and awe-inspiring. The pictures are in black and white and there is an index.

CONNIE MACK'S BASEBALL BOOK. Foreword by Red Smith. Illustrated by Floyd Torbet. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 234 *pp.* $2.50.

This book is, and will probably remain, one of the important records of America's favorite sport. Connie Mack has been a part of baseball since its very beginning. What he says about the game, about the rules and the spirit that control it, about a rookie player's chances of making good in it, are quite literally, the "last word." As

—*From "Strange Sea Life."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Red Smith says in his foreword: "He has been studying his lessons daily for sixty-eight years. Now he gives the result to the reader." It is seldom that a book of this kind is as rich in personalities and as revealing of the American spirit as this one is. The publishers have given it an excellent format. It is illustrated with good photographs and decorative drawings. It has a glossary of terms, an index, and some valuable records of champion batters and pitchers, winners of the World Series, and home-run leaders. It is, in fact, an encyclopedia of baseball, and it will be in demand from Maine to Florida and from Canada to Mexico.

TOPHILL ROAD. By Helen Garrett. Illustrated by Corydon Bell. New York: The Viking Press. 251 *pp.* $2.50.

Corydon Bell's chapter headings of the scenes around this old house in the country express beautifully the atmosphere of the story. When Mr. Upham decided to write a book the family moved from an apartment in the city to Tophill Road, deep in the country and miles from noise and traffic. Peck, who was twelve, and Sally Jay, who was ten, thought at first that the country would be lonely. But they soon discovered how much there was to see and to do. They found friends in old Captain Tommy and in Tappy, the young naturalist, and in a family who lived on a farm not far away. They learned more and more about the creatures who lived in the woods and fields, the things that grew out of the ground, and the changing beauty around them. When Mr. Upham's book was finished and accepted for publication, just before Christmas, they went back to the city rather reluctantly. Sally thought "when we come next spring" were lovely words. Now they belonged half in the city and half in the country.

SQUEEZE PLAY. By Colin Locklons. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 207 *pp.* $2.25.

This is a story of baseball, and other things, at the Lincoln Junior High School. More than a sports story, it is a character study of a Polish-American boy who had met racial prejudice "head-on" and lost his sense of proportion. This inner conflict of Mike's is not too greatly stressed but it runs all through his relationship with the other boys, with the teachers, and with the coach of his team. His problem is solved and Mike is straightened out naturally and logically. His friend, Ron Dobney, helps him and his own common sense and basic feeling for justice do the rest. Both Mike and Ron are unusually good characterizations.

TREASURE AT FIRST BASE. By Eleanor Clymer. Illustrated by Jean MacDonald Porter. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

The scene of this lively story for younger boys and girls is a little town in Ohio. Johnny Burton came to Willow Creek from the city, where he spent most of his free time playing baseball. In Willow Creek the small boys played "Indians," because the older ones would not let them use the baseball field. Johnny changed all that. He persuaded Jackson Sedgwick, one of the college students, to coach a group of boys and girls in baseball on a field near his father's house, opposite the queer, deserted little stone house. It was in the stone house that, with the help of Jackson's dog, Daniel Boone, they found a treasure. It was so important a treasure, financially and historically, that through it even Jackson's father—a professor of history—was converted to baseball. The story ends with Johnny and his team defeating the older boys and treating them afterwards to lemon soda. There are no girls in this story—but girls are almost sure to like it.

GOING TO CAMP: A Guide to Good Camping. By Helen L. Beck. Illustrated by Max Barsis. New York: Stephen Daye Press. 163 *pp.* $1.95.

Max Barsis has made some amusing black and white drawings to illustrate this useful and interesting book about what to take with you to a summer camp, how to get ready for camping physically and mentally, and what to expect when you get there. The text is directed to boys and girls but the parents who read every word of it will avoid many of the pitfalls that they are apt to fall into when their children leave them for the great adventure. Miss Beck has a lively sense of humor. Her book is noteworthy for its common sense, its faith in youth, and its enthusiasm.

SOUTHWEST ROUNDUP. By Anne Merriman Peck. Illustrated by the author. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 248 *pp.* $2.75.

Like all books by this artist and author, this one is attractive in format and illustration and interesting from the first page to the last. In it the country and the people are pictured clearly, warmed by the author's enthusiasm and made vivid by her own

—From "Southwest Roundup."

experience. It begins in Western Texas and continues on through Arizona and New Mexico with bits of the Northern border in Utah and of the Southern in old Mexico and Southern California. In it the old things, like "Remember the Alamo," and the new, like the first atomic explosion at White Sands, are brought into perspective. There is one chapter on the desert that is a series of beautiful word pictures of the annual spring flowering and the strange shapes and patterns of the cacti. It is both history and travel, emphasized by the charming chapter headings and the map on pages eight and nine.

FLOWERS: A Guide to Familiar American Wild Flowers. By Herbert S. Zim and Alexander C. Martin. Illustrated by Rudolf Freund. New York: Simon & Schuster. 157 *pp.* $1.

In a sturdy, compact little book with 134 illustrations in full color these two experts on plant life present the American wild flowers, arranged in accordance with their color. For each there is a detailed description. The drawings, too, show the natural background for each flower. It is not only a very informing book. It is attractive and easy to carry in a coat pocket.

SEA AND SHORE. By Clarence J. Hylander. New York: The Macmillan Co. 248 *pp.* $3.

We wish that every youngster old enough to appreciate it could take this book to the seashore with him. The author worked out much of its fascinating text at a boys' camp in Maine. Then he traveled thousands of miles along the seacoast of North America, exploring the beaches and the tidal pools, taking photographs, and making sketches and diagrams. The result is a record that opens up the life of seaweed and starfish, clams and lobsters and crayfish, crabs and cockleshells and of all the strange denizens of places where the ocean touches the land. His opening chapter explains the tides, tells why the sea is salt, and what sunlight does to water. Boys and girls who want a new hobby and who live or spend their holidays near the sea will find this book invaluable.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

Films Everywhere...

IN THE two years since THE FILM FORUM made its first appearance in this magazine several thousand readers have written in to ask, "How can I get to see that film?" Information films have never failed to interest a wide range of people, and in response to their steadily growing interest the current production of important "idea" films is booming: "Human Beginnings," "Challenge: Science Against Cancer," "Hyde Park," "Marriage for Moderns," "A Time for Bach," "Maps and Pioneers," "Palmour Street—A Study of Family Life," and on and on.

As worth-while 16mm. production increases, confusion mounts. How to get hold of the film you want when you want it? It is not as easy as it should be.

To add to the confusion, 16mm. films are more easily available today than ever before. But they are not available in any recognizable and predictable pattern. A study recently completed by the Film Council of America shows that about half the total number of prints of fifteen important "test" films is concentrated in the Middle Atlantic states clustered about New York City and in the Midwest around Chicago. That leaves the other half for the entire remainder of the country. Film libraries in the South, in New England, and in the Rocky Mountain area have few prints of those films, and in some cases the films were not available at all.

Even in the prominent film-center areas it isn't easy to know where to find a specific film. There are about 1,000 film libraries in this country and it is safe to wager that no two are alike. Each has its own distribution policies, its own terms of rental or loan, its own idea of service to the public. In one city the public library has a large and popular film collection for free use by its citizens, while the library in another city of equal size and importance offers no film facilities whatsoever. University extension services often maintain mammoth film libraries for circulation throughout the state (or further) to interested groups at moderate rental fees. But not every state offers this service. School systems usually have their own large film collections; some restrict them to actual classroom use, while others attempt to serve adult needs in the community. The extensive use of 16mm. films in our public schools is reflected in the recent report by Seerley Reid of the U. S. Office of Education (*Educational Screen,* June 1950), that 84 per cent (more than 21,000) of all high schools own at least one 16mm. sound projector, and half of them have been acquired since the end of the war.

Some colleges and universities (for example, Teachers College of Columbia University) serve their own campuses with films, while others (Columbia University Educational Film Library) rent and sell films throughout the country. Religious organizations, state and Federal agencies of all kinds, industrial organizations, and labor groups maintain film libraries for the use of their own and affiliated groups; often they lend or rent the films to outsiders. And filling in the last gap between the film producer and the film user is the commercial film library, which makes a business of buying films for the sole purpose of renting or selling them. These commercial film dealers usually also sell and rent projection equipment, as well as other audio-visual materials and supplies.

THIS being the state of things, it is possible to obtain a print of a two-reel film like "The Feeling of Rejection" from a state health agency or a city public library without any charge; from a university extension library, from the major distributor, or from a commercial dealer at a rental fee varying from $2.50 to $5, depending upon distribution policies. Further variation in price is based on film sponsorship. The three films reviewed in this week's FILM FORUM are good examples for comparison.

To make matters worse, the film user today must rely upon all these distribution sources at once, for not every film library owns a print of every film. Since more than 7,000 films are currently available, the goal would be preposterous. Even more regrettable is the fact that not every good film library owns a print of every good film. Many own only one print, while several prints are needed for simultaneous use in the area served by the library. As a result film users must turn from one source to another, often resorting to the major distribution outlet for a particular film. And since there is no really effective network of 16mm. distribution throughout the country, more and more "major" sources are being established. The current issue of the *Educational Film Guide* lists more than 750 of them—from the American Automobile Association to the Zachry Institute of Human Development. Some of them handle primary distribution for hundreds of titles; others have only one film to their name. The list is staggering. On one hand, the film companies: Abelard Films, Academy Films, A. F. Films, Africa Films, Agrafilms, Art Films, Association Films, Athena Films, Avis Films, and so on. On the other hand, there are organizations which distribute 16mm. films only incidentally: Aetna Life Affiliated Companies, American Library Association, Aluminum Company of America, Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Co., American & National Leagues of Professional Baseball Clubs, American Bible Society, American Can Company, American Cancer Society, American

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Telephone and Telegraph Company, American Institute of Baking, American Legion, American Social Hygiene Association, Associated Boys Clubs, Audubon Society, to name a handful.

The distribution dilemma is not likely to be solved in any remarkable way in the near future. Film users are left more or less to their own devices. Two pamphlets help give direction to the bewildered: "A Directory of 897 16mm. Film Libraries," compiled by Seerley Reid (available from the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.) and "How to Obtain and Screen Films for Community Use," prepared by this reviewer and available from the Film Council of America, 6 W. Ontario St., Chicago 6, Ill. Each is sold at 15¢ per copy. And while 16mm. distribution is being thrashed out, *The Saturday Review* continues its program of assisting readers in selecting and obtaining special films for program and home use.

Despite the staggering confusion in the distribution field, more films are being seen now than ever before. Film festivals, such as the one recently held in Stamford, Conn., make it possible for large audiences to keep up with the new information films. Hotels and resorts are advertising the regular screening of documentary and educational films as an added attraction to vacationers. Special film societies are springing up in large cities and on college campuses (but their growth here can't compare with the phenomenal increase in Britain—from forty-five to more than 200 in the past five years). In New York City such movie theatres as the Paris, the Park Avenue, and the Art have been consistent in their policy of showing outstanding short subjects like the Norman MacLaren animated abstractions, the Louis de Rochemont Earth and Its Peoples series, and other special-interest shorts like "Matisse," "Maillol," and "Van Gogh." (It was unpardonable, in this connection, that the showing of the majestic Michelangelo film, "The Titan," was followed in a Washington theatre with the painful staccatos of Woody Woodpecker.) Television, too, offers new outlets for documentary films, but films which were not made especially for this medium suffer greatly under the handicap of the small screen and poor visual reception.

Sixteen-millimeter films are around us. But the unquenchable question remains: "How can I get to see *that* film?"*

—Cecile Starr.

Coming: "Films and Labor Unions"

*Editor's Note: *Anyone experiencing unusual difficulty in receiving a particular film may write to Miss Starr, care of* SRL, *for help in locating it.*

The Film Forum

PRIMITIVE ARTS — ***The Saturday Review's* Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

LASCAUX: CRADLE OF MAN'S ART

Produced by William Chapman and completed with a grant from the Viking Fund. Available from Gotham Films, 31 E. 21st St., New York 10, N. Y. Rental: $12.50. Sale: $175. (17 min., color.)

The finest examples of prehistoric cave painting yet discovered are those which were found in 1940 by two boys near the village of Montignac in Southwest France. At the end of the war William Chapman, then a correspondent for *Life* magazine, heard about the discovery and, although he had never before made a motion picture, he sensed the importance of the occasion and set about the task of hauling the necessary generators, cables and lights up the mountain and into the cave. The result is a breathtaking reproduction of the most fascinating examples of primitive art yet seen on film. Wild horses, deer, bison, cows, birds, occasionally the figure of a man ornament the sheltered limestone walls, as vivid as though they had been painted twenty years ago instead of twenty thousand.

The film's commentary, spoken by Mr. Chapman himself, is intelligently helpful to an appreciation of the drawings. Fortunately, it is ample rather than excessive — truly comment on the pictures rather than a lecture about them. The photography suffers somewhat from the difficult circumstances under which it was made but, all things considered, the film is excellent. To be seen, by all means.

THE MAYA THROUGH THE AGES

Photographed by Giles Greville Healey; edited and written by Kenneth Macgowan. Sponsored by the United Fruit Co. *Available to adult groups only* from the United Fruit Co., 80 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass., and from the Princeton Film Center, Princeton, N. J. Free. (45 min., color.)

This film is the natural outgrowth of the exploration and restoration sponsored in the past by the United Fruit Company in the Mayan regions of Central America. Divided into three distinct sections, "The Maya Through the Ages" first shows glimpses of restored Mayan cities throughout Southeastern Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras. Temples, pyramids, stately buildings show the distinctive architecture of this unique pepole, now known to have had a Mongol origin. The second section deals with more specific examples of Mayan art work—figurines, the Mayan arch, textile remnants, ceramics, and the like. The dot-and-dash numerical system of the ancient Mayas is explained, as well as other scientific achievements predating those of the Mediterranean world.

The final section of the film, and by far the most fascinating, involves a visit with the last remaining true descendants of the original Mayan race, the nearly extinct Lacadons. Fewer than 200 of them still remain, living in small family villages of eight or ten members. The primitive cultivation of corn, the religious festivals, the making of family godpots, and the yearly pilgrimage to lost Mayan temples reflect the ties which this ancient and weary people still hold with their ancestors. After retreating from the invading Spanish during the sixteenth century, the Lacadons successfully evaded all contact with the outside world.

The photographer, having bribed the Lacadons with guns and ammunition, was able to rediscover a "lost" temple at Bonampak, in Chiapas, Mexico, where the first important Mayan paintings were found. Not unlike early Egyptian profile tableaux, these frescoes show static yet lifelike scenes of a highly organized and civilized life. The film ends by showing work being done to restore, preserve, and copy them.

"The Maya Through the Ages" is an impromptu filming of an archeological adventure. Its defects, such as the uneven quality of the color reproduction, are more than overshadowed by its uniqueness and the importance of its subject. The narration, read in turn by Ralph Bellamy, Irving Pichel, and Vincent Price, gives sufficiently meaningful interpretation to the film.

PAINTING WITH SAND

Produced and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Ill. Rental: $4. Sale: $90. (10 min., color.)

The Navajo ritual of sand painting is shown here amid the beautiful landscape of Monument Valley, near the Arizona-Utah border. In a story setting the medicine man performs his "cure" around a child dying of tuberculosis and malnutrition. His skilled, steady fingers pour the colored clay powders into a huge circular design depicting the healing influences of nature — the sun, the earth, the winds, and clouds.

"Painting with Sand" is distinguished from the two films above by showing primitive art still practised and in our very midst. Photographed by white men who were not allowed to stand where their shadows would fall upon the magic multicolored circle, it is another valuable record of primitive attempts of man to illustrate his earthly struggles.

—Cecile Starr.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Write Now..
It's time to make Summer reservations for America's Outstanding Comedy Hit!
"Mister Roberts"

NEW YORK • ALVIN THEATRE
starring HENRY FONDA
with PAUL STEWART
WILLIAM HARRIGAN • DICK VAN PATTEN
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.

BOSTON • COLONIAL THEATRE
starring JOHN FORSYTHE
Robert Burton Curtis Cooksey Don Fellows
Evgs. $4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl.
Please give alternate dates and enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope with order

"One of the most absorbing plays of the season."
—ATKINSON, Times

HELEN HAYES
in
the WISTERIA TREES
with KENT SMITH • WALTER ABEL • PEGGY CONKLIN
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 308 W. 45 St.
Air-Conditioned. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS AWARD
for YEAR'S BEST MUSICAL!

THE CONSUL
by GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI
PULITZER PRIZE WINNER
with MARIE POWERS • PATRICIA NEWAY
Air-Cond. BARRYMORE, W. 47 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Free brochure, "We Can Publish Your Book" tells how we have published over 300 new authors.
Write for free copy.
EXPOSITION PRESS, Dept. SR-27
251 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.

Buy U. S.
Savings Bonds

PERSONAL HISTORY

(Continued from page 14)

which was soon transformed into a sort of combination of commonwealths by proclaiming an equal status for all the parts, but not into a self-governing group of commonwealths since there were neither constitutions nor parliaments.

For a time, of course, the ancient metropolis was detached from the empire and subjected to Napoleon under the rule of Junot. But with the final defeat of the Little Corsican in 1815, by the British and other Europeans rather than the Portuguese, it was reclaimed. And, not unnaturally, it was dissatisfied with the equality of the parts and filled with longing to become the metropolis again.

This nostalgia for the arrangements of the past and a contradictory fermentation of liberal ideas set in motion a train of events that led to Brazil's independence. The Portuguese regency and aristocracy urged John, who became King John in 1816 upon the death of his mother, to return to Lisbon and lend his assistance in the suppression of the liberal movement. The Portuguese liberals, determined to restrict the powers of the monarchy, had resurrected the ancient Cortes and set it to work on the drafting of a constitution, and they had the sympathy of not a few Brazilians. Confronted with these clashing groups and his termagant and despotic wife, Carlota Joaquina, a princess of that Bourbon house notorious for its allergies to all innovations, fat and irresolute John had to subject himself to the painful process of making a choice between absolutism and a constitutional limitation of his powers. Pressed by the Brazilian liberals and frightened by the Rio mobs, he finally agreed to submit to two constitutions, the one then being drafted in Lisbon and, in the interim, the fundamental law already in operation in Spain.

But by the time he had made up his mind on this point he was faced with another decision. Should he return to Portugal or remain in Brazil and send his eldest living son, Dom Pedro, age twenty-three, back home to deal with

THE MATURE MIND
Isn't it high time You read it?

"Tremendously Amusing!" — Coleman, Mirror
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book of the Same Name by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Air Cond. PLYMOUTH, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC, 44 St. W. of B'way • Air-Cond.
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
for YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
the ETHEL WATERS
in
Member of the Wedding
with JULIE HARRIS
Air-Cond. EMPIRE, B'y & 40 St. Mats. Wed & Sat.

Broadway's Most Exciting Play
—AND ONE OF THE FUNNIEST
RALPH BELLAMY in "DETECTIVE STORY"
The SIDNEY KINGSLEY Hit Play
Evenings $4.80 to 1.20. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday $3.00 to 1.20. Tax included.
BROADHURST, 44 St., W. of B'way (Air-Cond.)

"Where Russian Food Is a Fine Art"
Next to Carnegie Hall

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the waxing liberal movement there? In arriving at his second decision he was assisted by his wife, who disliked Brazil and was loathed by the Brazilians, and by Pedro, who mustered a small army and opened an avenue of escape to some vessels anchored in the port. With all the members of the royal household, except Dom Pedro and his Hapsburg wife and their rapidly multiplying brood, and with the contents of the treasury King John finally sailed for Europe near the end of April, 1821. Pedro was left behind to rule this large segment of the empire as prince regent.

In Portugal a sea of troubles awaited the obese and almost pusillanimous King John. Still another decision had to be made and he chose to align himself with the reactionaries and placate his strong-willed queen. This meant a rejection of the new constitution, an effort to reduce Brazil to its former colonial status, an order to Dom Pedro to return home "to complete his education," and the dispatch of additional troops to the American colony. In fact, it meant still more, as was promptly revealed. It meant the loss of Brazil as a part of the empire although not as a part of the Braganza realm.

On January 9, 1822, Prince Pedro announced his intention to remain in America. After some skirmishes between his improvised army and the Portuguese garrisons he uttered the battlecry of "independence or death!" on September 7, and on October 12 he was crowned as Emperor of Brazil. Only a few more skirmishes were required to defend his crown and emancipate his empire. The Portuguese troops were easily expelled, and with the aid of Thomas Cochrane, an able and irascible old English seaman, Pedro promptly suppressed such republicans as dared to take up arms. Brazilians had achieved their independence through the agency of a prince who probably thought he was a liberal and who had committed himself to a constitution that would hedge his powers.

But if Pedro I was a liberal it was only during fleeting moments of magnanimity and because he had been accustomed to roam the streets with the crowd. He was too impatient to wait until an appropriate assembly could frame a fundamental charter and have it adopted in the proper manner. He dissolved the constitutional convention at the point of the sword, set up his own commission to frame a constitution, and imposed it on his subjects. He never worked in harmony with his parliament, even though he appointed the members of its upper chamber, and he could not tolerate freedom of the press. He was in the main a royal despot whose sex life reeked with scandal, and for these and other reasons he was forced to abdicate in 1831. It is true that after he fell heir to the Portuguese crown he gave Portugal a constitution along with his daughter as queen but this was perhaps largely because his brother, Dom Miguel, backed by his absolutist mother, was a champion of absolutism and a pretender to the throne and there was no other course for Dom Pedro to follow. Death ended his stormy and incontinent career in 1834 at the age of thirty-six.

"Every Inch a King." No, the title does not fit. He was a despot and a libertine and this vivid little volume is mainly the story of his salacious private life.

Around the World Singlehanded

CAPT. JOSHUA SLOCUM. By Victor Slocum. New York: Sheridan House. 382 pp. $5.

By Harrison Smith

ANY SMALL-BOAT sailor heading for Cape Cod or Nantucket may have the luck this writer had last summer to sight a sturdy, broad-beamed little craft plowing along at remarkable speed considering her matronly shape. If he is worth his salt, he will shout, "There is old Slocum's *Spray*." Actually, it is only the latest replica of one of the world's famous ships, in which an elderly ship's captain sailed around the world singlehanded, the first man in history to accomplish this incredible feat of seamanship and indomitable courage. Now at last his son, Victor, today an elderly gentleman himself, has told the story of his famous father's life in a book that will be treasured by yachting addicts and arm-chair sailors, and which will find its place on the bookshelves of innumerable small boats.

When Captain Slocum was a boy he lived on an island in the Bay of Fundy, where the tide comes in with a roar and the wrecks of ancient ships are clustered like barnacles along the shores. His father tried to beat the sea out of him but he finally ran away and sailed before the mast to Gibraltar and the Pacific. This was only the beginning of Joshua Slocum's adventures eighty years ago when the great clipper ships and square-riggers plowed the oceans and crowded every seaport with a forest of towering masts and sky-reaching bowsprits. It was a time for sea adventure, and provided a good career for a sober, intelligent, and fearless young man. Finally in command of his own ship, he was one of the first Americans to try his luck along the mountainous coast of Alaska and to penetrate Russia's almost unknown Okhotsk Sea, from which he brought back the first shipload of salt cod to be landed in Seattle.

In his great days Joshua Slocum was a man known and admired in every port, and a pleasant life it must have been in a well-found ship, with his wife and children aboard and the chance of backing his topsail to visit friends on the high seas. The *Northern Light*, one of the last of the great American clippers, was his finest command. When she came into New York her topmasts had to be taken down before she could pass under the newly built Brooklyn Bridge. Reporters came aboard and the *New York Tribune* described a scene of domestic comfort and even luxury that could not be duplicated today on the greatest steamers.

Slocum owned a share of the *Northern Light*, as he had of all the ships that carried his flag. It was desire for the independence of total ownership that ended his days as a ship's captain. When his barque, *Aquidneck*, was wrecked off South America, he promptly built, with incredible ingenuity for he lacked almost everything necessary, a shallow thirty-five-foot sloop he rightly called a canoe. In this he sailed his entire family to New York. Storms, frightful seas off the Amazon, reefs thundering with surf, and a collision with a monstrous whale who scratched his back on the

---

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Ruth. 2. Ozymandias. 3. Barbara Frietchie. 4. Evelyn Orcham. 5. Rudolf Rassendyll. 6. Traddles. 7. Ben Battle. 8. Rumpelstiltskin. 9. Old Blackberry. 10. Wackford Squeers. 11. Nathaniel Winkle. 12. Icarus. 13. Nessus. 14. Ginevra. ENGLISH POET: Robert Browning.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

keel, could not destroy this fragile craft. When he reached home he had his first approach to fame which he accepted with modesty.

The days of sailing ships were over and Captain Slocum like many another old mariner was on the beach. One day an old seagoing friend showed him what was left of an ancient thirty-seven-foot sloop, built in 1800, propped up in a field. The captain took a long look at her lines and made up his mind to sail alone around the world in this ghost from the past.

The rest of the story belongs to history, and to Joshua Slocum's famous and immortal book, "The Voyage of the *Spray*."

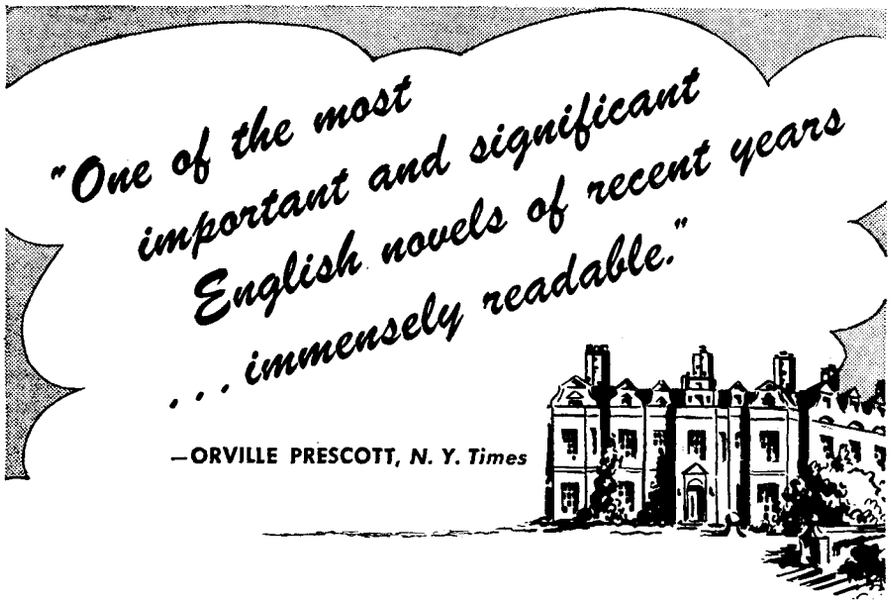
Personal History Notes

PRINCE IMPERIAL, by Princess Marthe Bibesco. Translated by Roland Gant. British Book Centre, N. Y. $2.25. This is the pathetic life story of the only child of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, Prince Louis Napoleon—"Napoleon IV." Born in 1856, at fourteen he was a subaltern in the French infantry and heard bullets whistle at Sarrebruck. A few weeks later, in the bitterness of defeat, he left France forever. In England, in 1879, he volunteered for service against the Zulus, and fell in an ambush with seventeen arrow and spear wounds in his body. Princess Bibesco calls her reconstruction a "fantasia"; she received much of the data by "oral tradition" from her mother, a distant cousin of Eugénie and a frequent court visitor, and she introduces a sketchy but moving love interest.

There are several previously unpublished photographs of intimate or historical interest, all admirably reproduced in gravure.

I MARRIED A DINOSAUR, by Lillian Brown. Dodd, Mead. $3. Barnum Brown, paleontologist with the American Museum of Natural History, met a New York State convent-school graduate when he was on his way to India, and they were married in Calcutta. There is very little paleontology in this narrative but there is much about the people and places a paleontological expedition runs into in India and Burma. There is a pleasant lack of concern over personal mishaps and discomforts, but mention is properly made of Dr. Brown's attack of black malaria and his 106.2 temperature (dinosaur hunting has its occupational hazards). There are some good photographs. Roy Chapman Andrews supplies an introduction.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.


"One of the most important and significant English novels of recent years . . . immensely readable."
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, N. Y. Times

TOO LITTLE LOVE

by ROBERT HENRIQUES

"A capacious, warm-blooded, beautifully conceived story of England before and after . . . an absorbing book to live in . . . a panorama of English character set against a countryside well known and beautifully described . . . penetrating and illuminating."—EDWARD A. WEEKS, JR., *The Atlantic*

"A long and satisfying novel. . . . There are only a few writers today who could compass the wealth of material in this book with so much vitality and continuing interest."—HARRISON SMITH, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

"A fascinating chronicle. . . . The scene is brilliant, the talk is intelligent and revealing, the byplay of human relationships is subtle. . . . It is the author's major achievement that we come naturally to an understanding of the modern English scene, through the inner life of his people."—ISABELLE MALLET, *N. Y. Times*

"An always readable and often provocative novel . . . a balanced survey of a generation whose personal memories have been dipped in history."—JAMES HILTON, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

At all booksellers $3.75

THE VIKING PRESS • 18 East 48th Street • New York 17, N. Y.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If you are going to move it is necessary that the proper notification be made, at the earliest possible moment, so that you may continue to receive your copies of SATURDAY REVIEW without interruption. Such notification should be made to SATURDAY REVIEW by letter, post card, or post-office form No. 22S, giving the old address, as well as the new, with postal-zone number if any. You should also notify your local post office on postal form No. 22 of your change of address. Both postal forms are obtainable at any post office.

As considerable time is required to process a change of address, you are urged to advise the SATURDAY REVIEW Subscription Department as soon as you know your new address, preferably three weeks in advance.

SATURDAY REVIEW

Subscription Dept.

25 West 45th Street New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Humor. *Charles B. Palmer has been commuting on the Long Island Rail Road for many a year now but instead of dulling his sense of humor it seems to have sharpened it. Result: "Slightly Cooler in the Suburbs," a really funny book about such time-worn subjects as storm sashes, privet hedges, drain pipes and compost heaps. Our reviewer finds that Mr. Palmer succeeds because he is essentially a creative writer while the author of "Inside Western Union" tumbles rather badly because he merely piles together an assortment of gags. Serious students of humor will do well to ponder the essentials of this ticklish craft as utilized by Messrs. Palmer and Rivise. Serious students of humor, of course, have long been well aware of Robert Lewis Taylor, who combines outlandish wit with erudition in the profiles he has written over the years for* The New Yorker *and other magazines. They have now been collected in "The Running Pianist."*

Commuters & Couriers

SLIGHTLY COOLER IN THE SUBURBS. By C. B. Palmer. New York: Doubleday & Co. 222 pp. $2.50.

INSIDE WESTERN UNION. By M. J. "Mike" Rivise. New York: Sterling Publishing Co. 248 pp. $2.50.

By Lionel Olay

WRITERS who think that the warp and woof of their everyday existence is something to laugh at fall into two schools. First there is the zany, or S. J. Perelman school, where everything is carried just one step too far and the result is similar to the denouement scene in an old Marx Brothers comedy (many of which he wrote). At its best this is good for the loud guffaw or belly laugh. Then there is the Thurber school of personal reminiscence that presumably adheres closer to the truth and at its best is usually good for the warm, quiet chuckle, although some of the quiet chuckles that Thurber has been responsible for would get you thrown out of the public library. Recently, however, a new school has arisen, the Life with Father school, from which the Betty MacDonalds, etc., tell us, with unfailing humor, about the trials and tribulations of maintaining a chicken farm or growing up as one of twelve kids in the household of an efficiency expert and so on. The result, always meant to be hilarious, is often slightly less, but it is always thoroughly human in a cleancut, whacky way. Smile humor, you might say.

Into this last category falls C. B. Palmer, who has composed a paean, despite the pain, on living in Suburbia. Mr. Palmer's retreat is located somewhere out on Long Island, not quite the country but not quite the city, either. Mr. Palmer, you may be sure, has his troubles. Weekdays are spent in pin-striped, button-down-collar respectability, as befits a small metropolitan executive, while week ends he and his fellow commuters are —as he puts it—a Disgrace. Decked out in an Ed Wynn hat and a Wallace Beery pair of pants, with a shirt from the war surplus of some long forgotten war, they may be found wrestling with storm sashes, privet hedges, drain pipes and compost piles while the missus is busily laying plans for a new rock garden. There is always an old tree stump to help pry up or a neighbor's new house to visit or it's time to take the children to the beach (or coasting in winter) or the day to take a turn in the Red Cross booth or the polling place or in the judge's stand in the doll-carriage parade. Life is hectic, life is real, life is earnest but Mr. Palmer wouldn't have it any other way. Despite the LIRR (about which he has a few, well-chosen words to say) and the mysteries of vegetable growing (last year's tomatoes came to only $1.28 each, and they were big ones, besides) he wouldn't trade the cameraderie of neighbors, one of whom has had his lawn mower for eight months and another whose wrenches Mr. Palmer found quite handy all winter long, or the community spirit with which they all pitch in to get more playgrounds and schoolhouses for the children. It's the children, of course, who drove them out there in the first place. They alone explain a television set that Mr. Palmer vowed he'd never own and it is they alone who give purpose and meaning to life in Suburbia. Growing up with space and fresh air, far from the city traffic and with no more serious problems than whether the mud pies baking on the newly painted front porch will be ready in time for lunch, these Commuters of Tomorrow will someday take over in the yearly arguments with the rubbish collector as to whether the shrubbery stalks are cut to the right length and how much space to allot for hollyhocks this year. For them alone Suburbia is worth all the vicissitudes Mr. Palmer good-humoredly outlines and we cave dwellers in the concrete jungles will get some warm smiles, accompanied by a slight twinge of envy, on reading "Slightly Cooler in the Suburbs."

Considerably less pleasant to contemplate is "Inside Western Union." There is nothing grimmer than a "hilarious" anecdote that just isn't funny and M. J. Rivise, or "Mike," as he likes to be called, has filled a book with just such a collection. According to the author it came about thusly: he was busily pursuing his daily occupation, which was, and is, dreaming up schemes whereby people and firms will use more Western Union telegrams when he hit upon the idea of delivering best sellers by Western Union, or something like that. Off he

—From "Slightly Cooler in the Suburbs"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went to see the first publisher his finger found in the phone book and, although the fellow wasn't interested in the idea, he thought Mike was a highly amusing fellow and gave him a highly pernicious piece of advice. He said why don't you write a book? So Mike did and this is it, a compilation of all the heart-warming, hilarious adventures that happen to a Western Union messenger in the line of duty.

The only thing is that instead of coming out heart-warming, etc., they sound like old vaudeville wheezes altered to a Western Union setting. Instead of Pat and Mike, or the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter we have the Western Union messenger and some big-name celebrity. Just as at one time every wisecrack was attributed to Dorothy Parker, now everything under the sun happens to "one of his boys" none of it particularly amusing, even if true. However, the book has not been published in vain. From it a moral can and should be deduced. The stories that keep the office help in stitches or send your wife's relatives into paroxysms of choking laughter might not do so well between hard covers. Could be you make funny faces when you tell them or use a feather to induce laughter at the punch line, tricks pretty hard to accomplish on paper, so best to pause and reflect before sending them out to stand by themselves.

Eccentrics

THE RUNNING PIANIST. By Robert Lewis Taylor. New York: Doubleday & Co. 340 pp. $3.50.

By EDWARD J. FITZGERALD

THE making of books out of bits and pieces from *The New Yorker* has become so flourishing a profession that census officials may have to establish a special occupational category for it. The latest such volume, this entertaining collection—largely of the anecdotal biographies known as "profiles"—, has a number of special virtues. Not the least is that all the pieces in it are by Mr. Taylor. Mr. Taylor's prose style is among the more beguiling in *The New Yorker*'s stable. In addition he has an affinity for the eccentric in his subjects, which makes for lively reading. And he reports their more outlandish practical jokes with such affectionate and fatherly pleasure that the reader finds himself happily enjoying behavior which in real life would set his teeth on edge.

Six of the book's eleven profiles deal with personalities in the entertainment and sports world. This is fortunate since here Mr. Taylor is at his best. He has an outstanding talent for describing something funny that someone else has done so that you not only believe it was that funny but can also enjoy Mr. Taylor's enjoyment. This quality finds fullest play here in his description of the magnificent comic Bobby Clark. This is perhaps my favorite piece in the book though I wouldn't quarrel with any votes for the pieces on Robert Flaherty or on the late, lamented Gargantua. The title piece, on Percy Grainger, contained, for me, considerable new information as well as entertainment. And I reserve special place for "Family Under Canvas" on the Flying Concellos. Mr. Taylor can describe an aerial trapeze act so as to arouse the same shiver of apprehension you experience when watching one.

When he leaves the worlds of the theatre and the circus Mr. Taylor is somewhat less successful. The reading is still lively. The eccentricities are still there. But you sometimes get the uneasy feeling that the author put them there, instead of finding them there, in order to liven up his businessmen and his people with missions. But this is a cavil.

Other objections should be recorded. One is to the editing or, rather, lack of it. Originally many of these pieces appeared in three or four magazine instalments. Consequently they contained numerous repetitions designed to make each instalment comprehensible to the reader who had missed earlier issues, or to remind readers with short memories. It would not have been too onerous a task to edit these out, when pasting the material up into book form.

Editorial laziness, I imagine, also dictated the inclusion of four short stories in the book. I suspect they were included merely because Mr. Taylor had written them and nobody knew anything else to do with them. They are less successful than Mr. Taylor's factual pieces in that they appear more contrived and the felicities of style which enliven his factual prose impart to his fiction a somewhat intrusive gloss. A more serious objection to them, however, is that they don't seem to fit in—in style or content—with the profiles. Alone these would have constituted a consistent and consistently entertaining book.

A novel about a woman doctor who found that her profession and her husband's ideals wouldn't mix. Could she heal herself?...

Dr. Katherine Bell

"This story of doctors and others is a sincere and interesting picture, in terms of persons, of ideas, situations and emotions that are entangled in this country's present nation-wide conflict between two kinds of good people."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

A new novel by **EVELYN HARTER** • $3, everywhere

DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quality of a whodunit. The thrilling story of how the people of Lonepine —of Darby—and of other Montana communities, faced with almost a complete disintegration of their community life, came together under the inspired direction of Baker Brownell and his associates, and set out to recapture their own community destiny, is as exciting a saga as any that ever happened in this country.

Harry W. Schacter is president of the Committee for Kentucky.

ECONOMIC PLANNING, by Seymour E. Harris. Knopf. $6. Professor Harris has assembled within the covers of a single volume the essential parts of the basic documents in which the present economic plans of fourteen different countries are laid down. For the most part, these documents are the work of the governments of the countries concerned. Thus Great Britain is represented by the 1944 White Paper on "Employment Policy," the "Economic Survey for 1947," and the memorandum to the Organization for European Economic Cooperation outlining the four-year plan for 1949-53.

In a few instances, however, the plans are nonindigenous, and in one case a nongovernmental plan is included. Thus the United States is represented not only by the "First Annual Report" of the Council of Economic Advisors and subsequent "Economic Reports of the President," but also by the State Department's "Economic Policy Toward Germany"; and in the case of Greece the plan is that of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations. The "Bombay Plan" for India is also included, although it was the work of private citizens.

In some cases it is the oddity of these plans that is most interesting. Those of Poland and Czechoslovakia, for example, are, as Professor Harris remarks, "a curious mixture of Marx and Keynes." In others, such as that of France, the gravity of our concern for the outcome lends special interest to the plan. In still other cases, especially those of Norway and the Netherlands, it is the intellectual virtuosity of the government planners that commands our interest and respect.

In all cases Professor Harris's analytical comments, brief as they are, serve as a valuable guide to the documents themselves. The book closes with a brief review of recent events, which serves to bring each of the fourteen up to date—or at least to date of publication.

—C. E. AYRES.

MIDDLE HIGH GERMAN TRANSLATION OF THE SUMMA THEOLOGICA BY THOMAS AQUINAS, edited by Bayard Quincy Morgan and Friedrich Wilhelm Strothmann. Stanford University Press. $5. One of the editors of this book discovered at Stuttgart, before World War II, a Middle High German translation of the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas, written, or at least copied, in the fourteenth century. This was a philological "find" of first-rate im-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 849)

G. W. JOHNSON:
OUR ENGLISH HERITAGE

(From "The Peoples of America," edited by Louis Adamic)

As a rule, liberty advanced in England step by step, not in leaps and bounds. . . . The never-ending struggle has . . . everywhere the same objective. It is simply to place the common man in a position where he may call his soul his own.

A major novelist has arrived

Guests of Don Lorenzo

By ROBERT PICK

"One of the most brilliant novels, and one of the most provocative, in many a moon...an original, if there ever were one—a magnificent piece of imagination."
—BERNARDINE KIELTY, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

"Certainly one of the most considerable novels of 1950...a plot which for tension and excitement should make a screen writer envious."—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"A highly exciting story, and, better, a tale of human failings and a way of life...skilfully and vividly told."
—JOHN P. MARQUAND, *Saturday Review*

At all bookstores • $3.00

LIPPINCOTT

Inspector Littlejohn at his superb best in the new GEORGE BELLAIRS murder mystery

THE CASE OF THE DEMENTED SPIV

$2.00 at all bookstores MACMILLAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portance, especially for historians of the German language. It indicates that the theoretical and scientific German of the present time is the result not of an indigenous development of the German language itself but rather of a borrowing of word formations and grammatical structures from the medieval Latin. The unknown person who translated the "Summa" at that time had to invent German equivalents for Latin ideas which had never before been expressed in German and in these inventions he followed Latin forms. Modern scholars, according to the editors, are still largely unaware of the Latin origin of these words, many of which are still current in the German language. In any event, the evidence is presented here, with the Latin on one page and the Middle High German on the facing page throughout the book, and with Latin-German and German-Latin glossaries supplied.

The editors plan to utilize this evidence in a forthcoming monograph in which they promise to develop their theory in detail.

—Robert Bierstedt.

BODY AND MATURE BEHAVIOUR, by M. Feldenkrais. International Universities Press, New York. $3.75. Man's basic anxiety is the fear of falling. This fear is an inheritance from his primordial predecessors who, living in trees, were faced with the ever-present danger of falling from their arboreal perches. A man or animal about to fall flexes himself into a ball as a protection against injury. The tendency to assume a flexed position is characteristic of the anxiety behavior pattern, says the author of "Body and Mature Behaviour." He quotes Darwin to corroborate the idea of body flexion as a reaction to the emotion of fear.

In examining for personality or behavior difficulties, postural patterns give the investigator a more dependable guide than the patient's own report, which is fraught with possibility for error. The patient's memory or his semantics may be faulty, but muscular patterns, developed as an integral part of the personality, are trustworthy evidence.

In the treatment of behavior difficulties the author recommends that muscular patterns, conditioned upon a state of anxiety, be changed through re-education by means of postural exercises. "The anxiety pattern," says the author, "integrated on the peculiar attitudes of the body, and especially in the muscular habits of the face, neck, pelvis, and feet of the subject will very often be reinstated so long as direct dissolution of the immature muscular patterns has not been achieved."

The author contends that the resolving of an emotional complex demands that psychoanalysis be accompanied or even preceded by an alteration of the flexion posture, and—reminiscent of William James—a change of muscular habit both in body and face.

Many practitioners of medicine will agree with the author's thesis of body affecting mind. Many psychoanalysts will not.

—Donald B. Thorburn.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title of Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE DEMENTED SPIV *George Bellairs* (Macmillan: $2.)	Strangling of strangely disguised English mill official is followed by other violent deaths that puzzle Insp. Littlejohn of Scotland Yard no end.	Adequate puzzle, believable detecting by likable sleuth, shrewdly depicted small-town characters, humor that sometimes gets pretty thick, and spectacular finish.	Well above average
THE GENTLE HANGMAN *James M. Fox* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Girl who left Calif. radio show with $1,000 ring and turned up garroted, gives private-eye Johnny Marshall some anxious moments.	Some very slick sleuthing by debonair dick, his pretty wife, and their Great Dane. High-tension stuff with hair-raising finale.	Tough and torrid
THE CURIOUS CUSTARD PIE *Margaret Scherf* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Montana rector's custard pies apparently slay two at summer camp — so he quite understandably decides to find out why.	Delectable dish of thrills and laughter. Gets out of control at end but by that time only purists will care.	First rate!

"The most exciting union of thought and form that I have seen in many years."
—HALFORD E. LUCCOCK, Yale Divinity School

Quicken the Current

New poems by

Mary Cummings Eudy

These poems, concrete and crystal-clear, were written out of deep spiritual experience. Their message is one of reassurance and comfort, as the following comments from leaders in many fields testify:

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Minister of the Community Church, New York:* "What Mrs. Eudy can do with words is almost a miracle. Vivid ideas set forth with flaming beauty . . . a precious contribution to our literature."

JOSEPH RAUCH, *Rabbi, Congregation Adath Israel, Louisville, Kentucky:* "Mary Cummings Eudy sees the world with a beautiful, penetrating clarity as well as with love and appreciation. Words have a remarkable way of doing her bidding."

HUGH R. WALPOLE, *University of Chicago:* "Here are poems you or I would have written—if we possessed the gift. They are alive and concrete and they belong to the future."

EDITH WILLKIE (MRS. WENDELL L. WILLKIE): "I find reading these poems a most satisfying experience she evaluates all human emotions and expresses her thoughts beautifully."

FLORENCE L. KING, *Wellesley College Library:* "It is pure high pleasure to read poetry the meaning of which shines out."

At all bookstores • $2.50

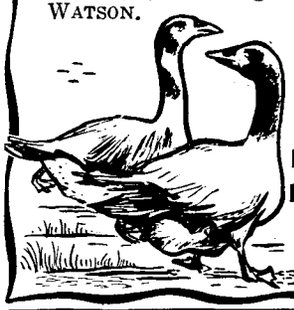
HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The unsuspected beauty and poetry of farm life in

POEMS BY **FRED LAPE**

SIMPLE and direct in their appeal, Mr. Lape's poems record life on a certain farm in upper New York State. Out of the drama of everyday life comes poetry distinguished by its delightful lack of artifice, by its humor rooted in a countryman's philosophy. Drawings by ALDREN WATSON.



At all bookstores
$2.50
HARPER & BROTHERS
N. Y. 16

The fullest, most perceptive and most thoroughly documented English work on

RILKE

MAN AND POET

NORA WYDENBRUCK, translator of Rilke and for years a regular correspondent of the poet's, here recreates a living picture of his environment and his companions. Simultaneously with the outer events of his life, the cycles of his poetic production are analyzed, and much that has hitherto seemed obscure emerges in a new light.

At all bookstores • $4.00

APPLETON-CENTURY-CROFTS, Inc.

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
WAGNER—WHOLE AND IN PART		
WAGNER, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN. Complete recording. Chorus, Orch. Bavarian State Opera, Klemens Krauss. Hans Hotter, Viorica Ursuleac, Georg Hann, Karl Ostertag, etc. Mercury LP: MGL 2 (4 LP) (English-German libretto)	Extraordinarily good stage realism in the acoustics makes this a good job even though engineeringwise it is by no means top quality. Voices mostly at stage distance—good. Big theatre liveness. But louder vocal parts distort, highs are so-so; limiter trouble with tympani. None of this will bother much.	Epoch-making, if only because of easy, realistic projection of musical and dramatic continuity in this LP medium! Luckily, it is also an excellent performance, fresh, integrated, dramatic, the orchestra and voices splendid (except soprano), a fine chorus. Wagner, LP style, is something new and exciting.
WAGNER, LOHENGRIN: PRELUDE TO ACT I; TANNHAUSER: OVERTURE. Bavarian State Orchestra, Hollreiser. Mercury LP: MG 15008 (10″)	Similar to above. But without voices, drama, the recording defects become more noticeable, especially on hi-fi outfits. Highs weak —rolled or cut off.	These are routine-to-mediocre performances, perfectly good note-wise, yet irritatingly lifeless at crucial points. Can't compare with Krauss, above.
WAGNER, PARSIFAL: PRELUDE, GOOD FRIDAY SPELL. NBC Symphony, Toscanini. RCA Victor LP: LM 15 (10″)*	High turnover, bass cut-off, mike placement—whatever the reason, this Toscanini (as with others in series) is exclusively weak in bass, needs heavy boost for normal sound on large machine. Highs nice, though whole is bit thin, distant. The Stokowski is magnificently acousticked, with full bass, broad, close perspective, good highs, a higher level than the NBC record.	Toscanini's "Parsifal" is clean, straight-lined, supple; perhaps a good treatment for music often overheavy; even so, it is unleisurely to a degree. The Stokowski shows the old Wagner hand at his most opulent, with minimum, here, of sloppiness; good, rich stuff and all most of us could want in the "symphonic synthesis" area. (Staged Wagner must be tauter.)
WAGNER, GOTTERDAMMERUNG: SIEGFRIED'S RHINE JOURNEY, FUNERAL MUSIC. New York Philharmonic, Stokowski. Columbia LP: ml 4273 (½)*		
SCHUMANN AND BRAHMS—SMALLER ENSEMBLES		
SCHUMANN, ANDANTE AND VARIATIONS IN B FLAT — ORIGINAL VERSION, Op. 46. Appleton & Field, duo-pianists; R. Oxman, B. Sarser, celli; J. Barrows, horn. Vox LP: VL 6050 (½) (With Schubert, Moments Musicaux, op. 94, Leonard Shure, pianist.)	A splendid example of what LP, modern recording technique plus top artistry and imagination can bring uniquely to the phonograph. The Variations are among most beautiful S. works familiar in 2-piano version. S. abandoned this original, with 2 celli and horn, because of tonal-balance problems—plus, no doubt, anomalous situation of extra players on stage! He also omitted 5 variations, here restored as priceless bits of added Schumann repertory. On records, balance problems are easily solved via mike placement; moreover, the early version is technically far better for recording, thanks to added color, perspective of horn and celli. Top-ranking, sympathetic performance and top-quality recording make this half-LP a major item.	
SCHUMANN, QUARTET IN A, OP. 41, ♯3. Winterthur String Quartet. Concert Hall LP: CHC 38	The Winterthur (Swiss) recordings, though new, seem to lose in the processing somewhere; this lacks highs, is a bit dull toned—though quite listenable.	A rather subdued performance, though sympathetic; good ensemble, but a clear lack of "drive," rhythmic details not well focused.
BRAHMS, PIANO QUARTET IN G MINOR, OP. 25. Rudolph Serkin, members of the Busch Quartet. Columbia LP: ml 4296*	Both pianos are placed somewhat in background, favoring strings. Serkin's is more prominent, rather tightly percussive but not distorted, minus wavers; the Haskil piano is fuller-bottomed, smoother, often lost in strings. Columbia-recording gives sharper highs; the Winterthur is dull on high end, but with good bass.	These two kindred works are given more than passable performances here thanks to the pianists. In spite of evidence of Busch stolidness, the Quartet ranks high due to Serkin's splendidly dynamic playing. Similarly, Clara Haskil is a powerful Brahms pianist, energizing the Winterthur group. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.
BRAHMS, PIANO QUINTET IN F MINOR, OP. 34. Clara Haskil, the Winterthur Quartet. Concert Hall LP: CHC 46		

*also other speeds.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CASE FOR SENTIMENT

(Continued from page 8)

Justice Holmes had both, had wisdom. I mean that quality of mind which gives us a sense of confidence in its all-round view of life both as fact and as ideal, which is confirmed by all of us who find that we have to live. It is a view won, not by romanticizing or theorizing about it, but by taking life by the neck and looking at it stubbornly, critically, honestly and still hopefully. Such a view of life is neither idealistic nor materialistic but real; it is neither classicist nor romanticist but just human. It has an openness and a clear-eyed vision, like someone standing solidly on the earth without forgetting to look up at the sky. I think Holmes's summary of his own philosophy of life in the speech before the Bar Association of Boston is worth a ton of airy philosophy. "We cannot live our dreams. We are lucky enough if we can give a sample of our best, and if in our heads we can find it has been nobly done. . . . I mean in our ulterior intellectual or spiritual interest, in the ideal part, without which we are but snails or tigers."

NO ONE should be a crass materialist or a starry-eyed idealist. Both are dangers to mankind. Holmes, in his learning and wisdom, saw this. He knew the value of romance in human life. Listen to him when he speaks about "the importance of the uneconomic to man":

> If I wished to make you smile I might even ask whether life did not gain an enrichment from neglected opportunities which would be missed in the snug filling out of every chance. But I am not here to press a paradox. I only mean to insist on the importance of the uneconomic to man as he actually feels today. You may philosophize about the honors of leisure as a survival; you may, if you like, describe in the same way, as I have heard them described, the ideals which burn in the center of our hearts. Nonetheless they are there. They are categorical imperatives. They hold their own against hunger and thirst; they scorn to be classed as mere indirect supports of our bodily needs, which rather they defy; and our friends the economists would do well to take account of them, as some great writers like M. Tarde would take account of them, if they are to deal with man as he is.

NO, WHEN we deal with human history or with contemporary human affairs, we are forced back to the obvious fact that man is a bundle of sentiments, of hopes and dreams and longings which are the most potent forces in the ordering of our lives, and if facts include feelings then these sentiments are the most important facts in human history. There would be no objection to saying that man is spirit but I think it would be clearer to say that man is sentiment, for if the soul is the functioning of man's personality rather than a mystic substance then the existence of the human soul is to be sought in our tears and laughter. Give a modern philosopher tears and laughter and he would not know what to do with them. In fact, he would look rather foolish. Yet sentiment, wise or foolish, constitutes the stuff to our human experience. Take away from man his fond hopes, dreams, and illusions and he has ceased to live. Of this quality of sentiment, of tenderness particularly, the modern generation of writers shows little; the soft note is seldom heard. The modern writers talk not of sentiments but of strong, violent, compelling passions. Yet like a low-scented herb sentiment is always there in an unfrequented corner of our garden for him who has the sense to smell it and the taste to enjoy it. The suppressed cries and sobs of the human heart are usually so overlaid with the cold rationality of conventional life that they seem hardly detectable in social life. Yet I know that they are there. I would wager that the content of human life, life that vibrates with meaning, is 90 per cent wrapped up in such hopes, fancies, and secret, unavowed yearnings of men and women. Go down any alley, into any tenement house, and sentiment is there. Attention to these sentiments of everyday life, or neglect of them, is merely a matter of literary fashions, reflecting the state of cultivation of men's minds. Some generations prefer the soft-scented lilacs; others prefer the suicidal intoxications of the poppy. Yet common hay is one of the sweetest smells on earth. It is a matter of taste.

The Binary

By Marcella Du Pont

ALGOL has a dark companion
Who negatives his will
Although we see Algol eclipsed,
We see him still.

But he who wrestles with Algol,
And hides the heavenly light,
We see him not; we take on faith
His blank, his partial night.

"I thought I had married a king but I find I have married a monk."

ELEANOR of AQUITAINE

The greatest of all French women

AS A WIFE she accompanied her King on a crusade and shamed him before all the world

AS A DIVORCED QUEEN, her remarriage gave the future King of England full sway over one-fourth of modern France

AS A MOTHER she sided with her sons in revolt against their father

AS A DOWAGER, at the age of eighty, she defended her besieged castle against her grandson and his army.

A biography more exciting than a novel by
Curtis Howe Walker
Illustrated by
M. S. Nowicki

$5.00 at all bookstores

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
Chapel Hill

Alfred Korzybski's

MANHOOD OF HUMANITY
2nd Edition now ready, $4.75

SCIENCE & SANITY:
An Introduction to Non-Aristotelian Systems & General Semantics, $8.25

AT BOOKSTORES
OR PREPAID ORDER TO
Institute of General Semantics
BOX 23, LAKEVILLE, CONN.

General Semantics Training Course
BEGINS AUG. 14th
INFORMATION ON REQUEST

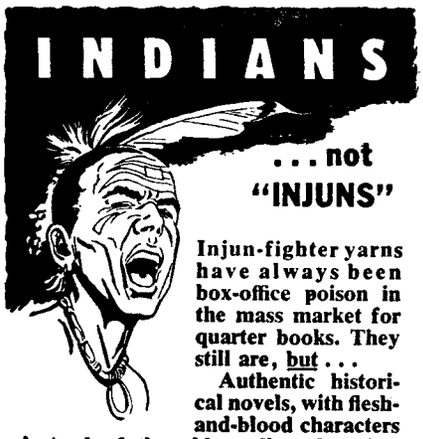
Film Programs Puzzling?

Complete index of 16mm film reviews and feature articles which have appeared in S.R.L.'s "Ideas on Films" and "Film Forum" now available.

Send 10¢ in stamps to cover handling and postage to

FILMS
THE SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Injun-fighter yarns have always been box-office poison in the mass market for quarter books. They still are, but . . .

Authentic historical novels, with flesh-and-blood characters instead of the old cardboard caricatures, are now sweeping the newsstands. This month Charles Marquis Warren's "Only the Valiant" joins Muriel Elwood's "Heritage of the River" on the list of Bantam Best-Sellers, each one *selling more than 100,000* copies a month.

The 8 Bantam Best-Sellers
(JULY)

1. ONLY THE VALIANT Charles Marquis Warren
2. THE 3rd MAN Graham Greene
3. HERITAGE OF THE RIVER Muriel Elwood
4. IRENE Ronald Marsh
5. HARD MONEY Luke Short
6. THE CHINESE ROOM Vivian Connell
7. THE RUSTLERS Luke Short
8. THE HELLER William E. Henning

Bantam Books

September Tide

This three-act comedy (a Gertrude Lawrence triumph in London) is the delightfully wicked and witty story of an artist who found his mother-in-law more alluring than his wife.

BY DAPHNE
du Maurier

At all booksellers, $2 • DOUBLEDAY

THE MATURE MIND

Isn't it high time *you* read it?

HOW TO GET YOUR BOOK PUBLISHED

Our basic policy is to encourage new authors. If you are looking for a publisher of your book (or pamphlet), learn how we can help you. Send us your manuscript or write today for Free Booklet FF.

VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 35 So. William St., New York 4

NEW EDITIONS

GEORGE SAINTSBURY is not the only intelligent and experienced reader who, after grappling with William Blake's so-called symbolic books, and after scanning certain passages of his letters, has concluded that "it would be extremely difficult to frame any definition of complete sanity which would take him in." But, despite Blake's habit of conversing familiarly with angels and Hebrew prophets, his custom of calling upon such authorities as the Archangel Gabriel to support him in artistic arguments—and his doomed attempt to create out of his own imagination and his miscellaneous reading complete systems of theology, mythology, and human history—his best lyrics are among the delights of English poetry, and his symbolic books are an enduring challenge to his admirers and interpreters. Some three years ago in these columns I recommended S. Foster Damon's "Blake" as the best guide to the mystical labyrinth of those books. Another good guide in the same daedalian field, and an excellent biography, is Mona Wilson's "The Life of William Blake," first published by the Nonesuch Press in 1927, reissued (without illustrations, notes, and appendices) by Robert O. Ballou in 1935, and now available in a new, illustrated, augmented edition (Oxford University Press, $5).

Miss Wilson's approach to Blake's life, beliefs, and artistic productions is both sympathetic and rational, which is something that cannot be said of a good many writers on the same subject, for not only was Blake a very odd duck himself but he has been the cause of much oddity in those who would explain him. Miss Wilson is more interested in getting at the truth about Blake and in elucidating his ideas and intentions than in spinning ingenious, dubious theories of her own. Following many of Damon's leads in her reading of the symbolic books, she does not minimize their difficulty or pretend to an understanding of their every line. She recognizes the formidable nature of the barriers thrown up by "obscure mythology and inharmonious prosody"; she admits that Blake was often incapable of handling the visionary material that pressed so insistently upon him; she notes "the malevolent influence of Ossian." Accepting Crabb Robinson's distinction between genius and talent, she suggests that Blake was supreme in the first but deficient in the second.

William Blake struggled heroically, perhaps sometimes madly, to create his own religion. Richard Crashaw, son of an ardent Puritan, found his religion ready-made, and flawless beyond doubt, when he turned his face to Rome. His best poetry—which reached its pinnacle in the famous peroration of "The Flaming Heart Upon the Book and Picture of the Seraphical Saint Teresa"—is an ecstatic expression of soaring faith; his minor poetry is often trivial. Many twentieth-century readers may find it hard to tolerate some of his more extravagant conceits but to ignore him is to ignore a true singer, whose language was on occasion marvelous. The fullest, most scholarly edition of his works is L. C. Martin's (Oxford University Press). However, readers who are not students of the poet will find that the new, attractive Grove Press volume, "The Verse in English of Richard Crashaw ($1.50), will satisfy every need.

Two of Crashaw's simplest, most successful short flights are included in a charming new Peter Pauper Press volume ($2), which contains Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" and religious poems by some seventy other writers, among whom Donne and Emily Dickinson are most generously represented. . . . For serious readers of Dryden—and I wonder how many there are now, not to be found in academic halls—the revised, enlarged "Poetical Works of Dryden" (Houghton Mifflin, $5), edited by George R. Noyes, is at once handy and indispensable. Here is the entire body of Dryden's verse, except that belonging to his plays, a distillation of the best Dryden scholarship, a glossary, and the forest of notes essential to an understanding of the poet's meanings and allusions. . . . From the Heritage Press comes a compact, cleanly designed edition of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" ($5), reprinted from the text prepared by Emory Holloway, illustrated by Rockwell Kent. . . . "The Centenary Poe" (McBride, $3.50), edited by Montagu Slater, contains 500 pages of Poe's prose and poetry, and a biographical and critical introduction that stresses his role as literary innovator and progenitor.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 850

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Canadian national park in Alberta.	173 19 66 92 110
B. The other name for the river in Word G.	156 16 59 84 121 158
C. Scottish birthplace of James Macpherson, on the Spey.	94 86 114 23 31 148 127
D. Spurs from ranges of hills or mountains.	93 105 129 87 71 50 80
E. Surname of Ralph Nickleby's clerk in "Nicholas Nickleby."	49 134 152 109 57
F. New arrivals; tenderfeet (Alaska).	124 147 46 75 51 8 36 120 112 20
G. Second longest river in China, 2,700 miles (2 wds.).	74 139 34 42 5 45 90
H. Its capital is Baghdad.	95 70 183 28
I. Foil or wire of gold, silver, or brass.	26 98 97 169 7 73 155
J. The sword of Orlando (var. sp.).	43 25 142 89 122 17 96 91 100
K. A part of Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado.	48 68 81 144 35
L. American archeologist, esp. Mayan cities, SW U.S., etc. (1865-).	115 39 72 143 44 133
M. Wife of Joseph and daughter of Potipherah (Bib.).	41 99 63 108 77 162 6
N. The "alkali" of the Western U.S. (geol.).	145 166 163

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. The yield of a commodity, etc.	24 29 1 161 60 88
P. First name of character in title of Pulitzer Prize play, 1921.	138 107 83 150
Q. Letter of the Greek alphabet.	104 181 106 61 13
R. Rends into splinters.	10 2 52 165 62 32 37 149
S. A minor character in "Measure for Measure."	179 64 118 54 130 172 177
T. To exhaust the strength, richness, or fertility of.	137 132 168 123 182 153 33 14 157 140
U. Range and peak in Wyoming and Colorado, 9,020 ft.	78 55 180 131 18 30 141
V. German name of the heroine of Goethe's "Faust."	67 151 160 171 119 178 103 15
W. Compensation or remuneration for services (law).	174 38 101 126 111 27
X. Engrosses the attention of.	65 154 85 159 117 22 175 56
Y. Composer of music and libretto of a current musical on Broadway, etc.	167 102 53 3 11 69 184
Z. Demands and compels recognition (with "oneself").	176 128 170 79 12 21 135
Z^1. A President of the U.S.	76 136 47 58 82 125 185 40
Z^2. An outbreak (French).	164 113 9 4 146 116

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram. When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 O	2 R	3 Y	4 Z^2	5 G	6 M	■	7 I	8 F	9 Z^2	■	10 R
11 Y	12 Z	13 Q	14 T	15 V	16 B	17 J	■	18 U	19 A	20 F	21 Z	■	22 X	23 C	24 O	25 J
26 I	27 W	■	28 H	29 O	30 U	31 C	32 R	33 T	■	34 G	35 K	■	36 F	■	37 R	38 W
39 L	40 Z^1	■	41 M	42 G	43 J	■	44 L	45 G	46 F	■	47 Z^1	48 K	49 E	50 D	■	51 F
52 R	53 Y	54 S	55 U	56 X	57 E	■	58 Z^1	59 B	60 O	61 Q	62 R	63 M	64 S	65 X	66 A	67 V
■	68 K	69 Y	70 H	71 D	72 L	■	73 I	74 G	75 F	■	76 Z^1	77 M	78 U	79 Z	■	80 D
81 K	82 Z^1	83 P	84 B	■	85 X	86 C	87 D	88 O	■	89 J	■	90 G	91 J	■	92 A	93 D
94 C	■	95 H	■	96 J	97 I	■	98 I	99 M	■	100 J	■	101 W	102 Y	103 V	104 Q	■
105 D	106 Q	107 P	108 M	109 E	■	110 A	111 W	112 F	113 Z^2	■	114 C	115 L	116 Z^2	■	117 X	118 S
119 V	120 F	■	121 B	122 J	■	123 T	124 F	125 Z^1	126 W	127 C	128 Z	■	129 D	130 S	131 U	132 T
■	133 L	134 E	■	135 Z	136 Z^1	137 T	138 P	■	139 G	140 T	141 U	142 J	143 L	144 K	145 N	■
146 Z^2	147 F	148 C	■	149 R	150 P	151 V	152 E	153 T	■	154 X	155 I	156 B	■	157 T	158 B	159 X
160 V	161 O	■	162 M	163 N	164 Z^2	■	165 R	166 N	167 Y	168 T	169 I	170 Z	171 V	172 S	■	173 A
174 W	175 X	176 Z	177 S	178 V	■	179 S	180 U	181 Q	182 T	183 H	184 Y	185 Z^1	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 30¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 22¢ a word; 26 times 24¢ a word; 13 times 26¢ a word; 6 times 28¢ a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department. The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 30¢.

RECORD MART

RARE DISCS, lists. Bought, sold. E. Hirschmann, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

DIAMOND playback styli for longest record life, highest fidelity reproduction. Free literature. TELEVEX, 474 West 238 St., NYC 63.

WIREMASTER WIRE RECORDER, almost new, professional calibre. High fidelity (40 to 10,000 cycles), 2 microphone outlets, phonograph outlet, each separately controlled. High powered radio, 14 watt amplifier. 10" speaker, Shure 55 microphone, portable case. Box 75-D.

LP RECORDS! LP RECORDS! LP RECORDS! LP RECORDS! Yes, we have them ALL, every make (and at prices that will convince you). During our 12 years, we have built one of the largest mail-order record departments in the country, because we prepay postage charges on 3 records or more and guarantee arrival in perfect condition or your money back. Write for complete Schwann catalogue of LP records. RECORD COLLECTORS' EXCHANGE, 76 West 48 St., NYC 19.

HMV RECORDS; now only 79¢ 99¢ $1.19, $1.39 each. TALLIS: 40-part motet, $1.98. BEETHOVEN: Sonatas, (Schnabel), $9.73 per volume. VAUGHN-WILLIAMS: Symphony #6 (Boult), $5.95. BEETHOVEN: Cello Sonata Op. 102, #1 (Schnabel) $2.75 Shipping $1. ELAINE MUSIC SHOP, 9 East 44 St., NYC 17.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: intelligent, prompt, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 3-1364.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS MARKETED. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, all languages marketed, 19 West 44 St., NYC 18.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colo.

MANUSCRIPT, thesis typing, editing, rewriting service. Prompt, efficient. LINDA DUBESTER, NYC, JErome 7-9112.

REVOLT AGAINST FORMULA: Exceptional novels, stories, plays, marketed. CHARLES CHUPET (Yale Drama School '29 Authors' Representative. 5657 Sunset Blvd. Hollywood.

GHOST WRITING ARTICLES, THESES, books, speeches, revision. NEIL FARBER ASSOCIATES, 1472 Broadway, Room 612, NYC, 18.

WRITING BOOK, PLAY, STORY, THESIS, ARTICLE? Style-improving, criticism, research, editing, MSS typing, translations, mimeographing. Inexpensive. Recommended leading authors. SARA CLYNE, 49 West 56 St., NYC, Circle 5-7735.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS 30 Years. We sell short stories, articles, books, radio scripts, plays, verse. Constructive criticism for new writers. Personal representation for established authors. Editing, revision. Write for information, references. ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

WE PUBLISH, print and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS; Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35 St., NYC. LAckawanna 4-0178.

ETHEL WAUGH, Agent, manuscript typing, ghost-writing, scripts marketed. 125 West 58 St., NYC 19. JUdson 6-1809.

LITERARY PROBLEMS? Sincere and friendly cooperation offered the professional or promising amateur. Literary services as well as conscientious sales attention. Write today for FREE booklet "Your Roads to Writing SUCCESS," DANIEL S. MEAD, LITERARY AGENCY, 419 Fourth Ave., Dept. SR, NYC 16.

MARR TYPING SERVICE. Manuscripts typed. edited, rewritten. Moderate rates, pick up. "No job too large or too small". 780 Greenwich St., NYC, CHelsea 2-8176.

E. B. WALL: manuscript and thesis typing, editing, rewriting, research, letters written. Personal interest. Expert work. Box 55-D.

LANGUAGES

LINGUAPHONE MAKES LANGUAGES EASY. At home learn to speak Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, French, German, Russian or any of 29 other languages by quick, easy Linguaphone Conversational Method. You learn by listening. Save time, work, money. Another language is a business, social asset. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 26 Radio City Bldg., NYC 20.

FRENCH conversation, diction, grammar. Expert training by Parisienne (Sorbonne University) NYC. REgent 7-4606.

BACK NUMBERS

NIELSEN'S BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SERVICE. Send want list. 7308 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles 46.

BOOK PLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Several hundred beautiful designs, address "BOOKPLATES," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

CLASSIFIED

OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKFINDERS! Scarce, unusual books quickly supplied, send wants. CLIFTONS, Box 1377, Beverly Hills, Calif.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free 30-page catalogue. We buy books. Send list. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

BOOKS

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LITERATURE — History, Americana, Fiction, Science, etc., on hand. Catalogues issued. Inquiries invited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1902. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

SPANISH BOOKSELLERS, two 64 page catalogues, 25¢. 5225 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

USED BOOK BARGAINS Catalogue free. Any book located. Send wants. BRUCE BOOK SERVICE, Box 272-D, NYC 3.

PERSONALS

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $9.39 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, Hotel Vanderbilt, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

WORTH READING—"Look To The Rock" the astonishing Bible prophecy book. $1.50 postpaid. Box 862-C.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

FOR SALE: Quaint 200-year-old Nantucket cottage on ocean bluff, 6 rooms, furnished with 40-odd antiques, studio barn. $6,500. Box 670-C.

HANDY SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
New York 19, N. Y.

☐ 1 YEAR FOR $6
☐ 2 YEARS FOR $10
☐ 3 YEARS FOR $14

☐ Remittance Enclosed ☐ Bill Me

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

(Add $1.00 per subscription year for Canadian and foreign orders excluding Pan America.)

7-8-50

PRINTED BY
BLANCHARD PRESS
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE. Helen Trimpe, 342 Madison Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

YOUNG ENGLISH GRADUATE, Cambridge, qualified Geography, wide range subjects, wants year teaching, tutoring near NYC. Begin Autumn. Box 751-C.

HEALTH BOOKS by recognized authors. For free folder address: Dantes Personal Service, 25 Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.

OPPORTUNITY for right party to buy leading book store, new and used books, in rich California community. Established 31 years. Owner selling on account of ill health. $15,000 cash. Box 19-D.

2 ADIRONDACK CAMPS—mountaintop in Maine woods, bordering mile private ocean beach. Breathtaking view. Modern conveniences, heirloom furniture, 2 units, 3 bedrooms each. Complete seclusion, near delightful summer colony. Summer rental $800. each, but "nice" tenants first consideration. George St. John, Wallingford, Conn. After June 16, Small Point, Me.

NURSE, traveled, international, various interests, invites correspondence with elderly gentleman. Box 695-C.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' WORKSHOP, July 24-Aug. 11. John Holmes, poetry. Margaret Widdemer, fiction. S. Stephenson Smith, non-fiction. N.Y.U. credit. For folder write: Registrar, Chautauqua, N. Y.

ONE-MAN WEEKLY NEWSPAPER. R. I. publisher, 64, desires to retire. Sell for $4,500, 2/3 down. No plant, printing experience not necessary. MAY BROTHERS, Brokers, Binghamton, N.Y.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capitol, WASHINGTON, D. C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

WHY RISK A TRIP TO PARIS? *Get a wolf's eye* view of pre-war "Paree" in pages of La Vie Parisienne. Exotically illustrated. Single issue $2.50, 5 issues, all different, $10.00; bound volume, 26 issues, $29.75. Box 163-V.

PRIVATE ISLAND on beautiful Belgrade Lake, Maine. Secluded yet accessible, wonderful fishing, swimming. Fully equipped, 7-room lodge, guest bungalow, boat house, motor boat, electricity, telephone, shopping, summer theatre. Excellent condition, immediate occupancy. Lloyd A. Kayser, 342 Madison Ave., NYC.

EGRI SCHOOL OF WRITING needs part-time secretary, exchange for instruction. 2 Columbus Circle, NYC.

GOING TO TANGLEWOOD? Art courses—Calligraphy on an adjacant estate. LENNOX SUMMER ART SCHOOL, Wheatleigh, Lennox, Mass.

"PARTIES—PATHOLOGICAL OR OTHERWISE"; "On Gambling"; "Mambo"; "Fear of Touch"; "Sexual Gentleman's Agreement"! In: NEUROTICA 6. $2. subscription. 143 West 53 St., NYC.

GREAT BIOGRAPHY CATALOGUE NOW PREPARING. All epochs, all countries. Avoid disappointment and reserve your free copy now. Edition limited. H. H. EVANS, Books, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from 5th Ave. We are offering week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (3 nights); *Single room and bath*, $14; *double room and bath*, $20.50; sitting room, bedroom and bath $26.50. Air-conditioned rooms $1.50 additional. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

LIVE CHEAPLY aboard your own boat in the Virgin Islands. $800 needed. NYC, MUrray Hill 7-1526. Box 78-D.

MALE WRITER motoring California end July wants male passenger. Route immaterial. Share. Box 79-D.

THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE may be worth money. Writer will pay you $100. If your experiences are acceptable to a leading national mazagine as basis for article. Anonymity protected. Write fully to Box 80-D.

PERSONALS

SEND YOUR CHILD to our 140 acre Vermont farm. Weekly rate: $35. Owners: music teacher, engineer. Otten, Maple Hill, Rochester, Vt.

MUSIC, out-doors, people are my interests — mature males, what are yours? Box 60-D.

PROFESSIONAL MAN wishes correspondence from alert female sophisticates. Box 62-D.

GIRL WISHES ROOM, bungalow, near swimming, commuting NYC. Will share with girls, week-ends. Box 63-D.

WRITER'S COUNTRY HOME, 8-room colonial, completely modernized, no repairs, 1½ acres, magnificent view Green Mountains, near Vermont border, *18 miles Bennington College. Box 64-D.*

NEWSPAPERMAN, 27, 6 years experience, seeks challenging job, any kind, anywhere. Box 66-D.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, young miss, fond of out-doors, music, books, wit, seeks correspondence with versatile male. Box 67-D.

RADIO-TV NETWORKER desires correspondence with able young woman. Box 68-D.

PLASTIC GREETING CARDS for the discriminating taste. New, unusual. Box of 14, $1.25. Box 69-D.

HARVARD JUNIOR, French schooling, wants summer job anywhere. Box 70-D.

PRIVATE SCHOOL TEACHER desires summer shore or Europe as companion to school age children or women. Box 71-D.

GENTLEMAN seeks friendly correspondence with someone settled, mature, post-youth, can be handicapped or shut-in. Box 72-D.

JUNIOR SCHOOL CHILDREN 6 - 12 years. Complete elementary course. Music, crafts, riding, tennis. Principal, The Arks, Southern Pines, N.C.

APPRENTICE, assistant, associate, what do you need? Woman, 31, single, Philosophy M.A., background, art, music, humanities, politics, navy. Box 74-D.

COLLABORATOR WANTED: Experienced writer with good style for novel. Box 76-D

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN seeks midweek overnight accommodation Brooklyn. Borough Hall vicinity. Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Box 238, Bedford, N. Y.

YOUNG MAN, artistic, fleeing monotonous grind, wistfully invites diverting, feminine correspondence. Box 40-D.

GOOD USED BOOKS, 50¢ — $1, none higher. Free lists, editions, Hempstead, N.Y.

COMPLICATED, but not decadent man would correspond with highly articulate woman with taste for intellectual subtleties. Box 44-D.

LIKEABLE WOMAN, varied interests, children, home, out-doors, gentlemen reply: Box 46-D.

PRIVATE OFFICE, telephone, midtown, reasonable. To Oct 1. Box 47-D.

TYPING, EDITING 4 hours nightly, exchange for boarding young mother and adorable little daughter. Cultured family, beach, country. References. Own car. Box 48-D.

YOUNG MAN seeks correspondence with interesting people. Box 49-D.

WHY PAY STORAGE on your spinnet piano? Refined, middle-aged couple will give excellent care. NYC, STerling 9-5787.

MATURE, PROFESSIONAL WOMAN interested in corresponding with mature, liberal man. Box 53-D.

FOR RENT: July, August to Sept. 9. 4-room apartment near Columbia. Box 54-D.

EDUCATED, ATTRACTIVE BUSINESS WOMAN desires to go to Europe as secretarial companion to business, professional or convalescent person. Available after Labor Day. Box. 56-D.

FOR SALE: House, Thetford, Vt., near Dartmouth College, pink brick, 125 years old, 7 rooms, full bath, extra shower, toilet, 2 fireplaces original plank floors, hand-hewn beam ceiling, modern kitchen and plumbing, driven well, plentiful water, separate garage with 2 bedrooms, study, fireplace, tennis court, 3 acres land, Enquire: 4506 Edmunds St., N.W. Washington, D.C.

VACATIONS

BERKSHIRES, cuisine, francaise, informal, restful atmosphere. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to GRAYMONT. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. provides best in country vacations.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, crafts, $45.

CANDLELIGHT FARMS, New Milford, Conn. Country life at its best. Modern comforts. By reservation only.

THE ALLEN PLACE: small; specialties: excellent food, mountain secenery, country life, interesting people. Moderate rates. R.F.D. 2, South Royalton, Vt.

SKY VALLEY RANCH, Tabernash, Colo. Riding, fishing; informal ranch life. Send for folder.

PRIVATE 60 ACRE wooded retreat. Allegheny's Western Marylyand. Swimming pool. Excellent food. *Always cool. Room, board, $40 per week.* HEMLOCK HOLLOW, Oakland, Md.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Private lake, rowing, swimming, fishing. 4 tennis courts. Large classical recording library. 100 adults.

YOUNG MAN OWNER of old estate in Ireland will have young people to stay for $5 a day. Box 989-C.

RELAX on the island of a thousand moods! Beth Gardner's BLYTHEWOOD on beautiful Loon Lake in the Adirondacks invites you to spend inspiring vacations. Theatre festival, Art and Dance instruction, all sports, modern accommodations. Opening June 24. Write today for folder to BLYTHEWOOD, Chestertown, N. Y. or contact Betty White, 130 West 42 St., LOngacre 4-7533.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, Manchester, Vt. Charming Swiss chalet, informal, $35 weekly. Folder.

BERMUDA: For rent: well-furnished cottages on waterfront near Hamilton. Box 203 Hamilton, Bermuda.

ENTERTAINMENT . . . FINE FOOD . . . TAVERN . . . Sports, painting, crafts in a delightful hideaway in the mountains. Chesters' ZUNBARG, Woodbourne, N. Y. Telephone: Woodbourne 1150.

WRITERS, ARTISTS, THEATRICAL FOLKS — Renew your vigor in the Poconos. Victorian hotel setting with rooms and modern cottages. Trout stream *beside the door, swimming, informal atmosphere.* Noted for fine food—in every guide book, including Duncan Hines. Summer theatre within walking distance. Cocktail lounge. Attractive rates to readers of S.R.L. Write: Germond Hotel, Bushkill, Pa., or call Bushkill 9010 for reservations.

AN ARTIST'S FARM in scenic Dutchess County. Private lake, barn studios (instruction optional). PODY'S LOCUST GROVE FARM, Hopewell Junction, N. Y.

WALK FROM MUSIC INN to Tanglewood concerts. Fishing, swimming, boating, loafing, 100 acres, 2 lakes. Berkshire Almanac on request. Write: MUSIC INN, Lenox, Mass. NYC Telephone: MUrray Hill 5-0866.

VERMONT FARM, summer home. Restful, inexpensive, comfortable, hospitality for a few recommended guests. Box 51-D.

AUTHOR'S PARADISE. Large attractive rooms. Fireplaces, delicious meals, $21 to $30 weekly. Atmosphere of charm HILLSDOWN INN, Larchmont Farms, Moorestown, N. J.

IT'S HIGH POINT for good food, fun, music (resident trio), swimming, tennis. The Bardons, New Marlboro, Mass.

PAINT FOR A VACATION: Join New York Art School group with professional instructions. ALBERTA T. ELLISON, Suite 2305, 175 Fifth Ave., NYC 10. ALgonquin 4-2446.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

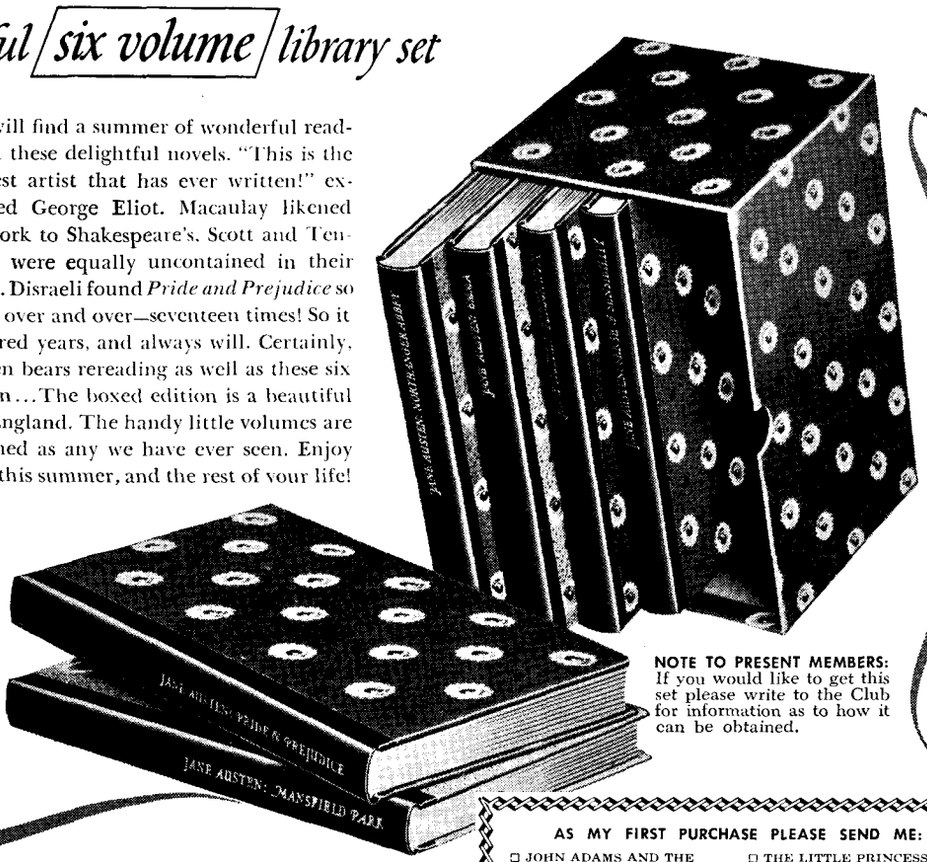
Given to you

—IF YOU JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NOW AND BUY AS FEW AS FOUR SELECTIONS A YEAR BEGINNING WITH ANY BOOK LISTED BELOW

All the Novels of Jane Austen

in a beautiful six volume library set

You will find a summer of wonderful reading in these delightful novels. "This is the greatest artist that has ever written!" exclaimed George Eliot. Macaulay likened her work to Shakespeare's. Scott and Tennyson were equally uncontained in their praise. Disraeli found *Pride and Prejudice* so enchanting he read it over and over—seventeen times! So it has gone for a hundred years, and always will. Certainly, no fiction ever written bears rereading as well as these six novels of Jane Austen...The boxed edition is a beautiful one imported from England. The handy little volumes are as attractively designed as any we have ever seen. Enjoy yourself with them—this summer, and the rest of your life!



Retail Price
$7.50

NOTE TO PRESENT MEMBERS: If you would like to get this set please write to the Club for information as to how it can be obtained.

FACTS ABOUT THE CLUB EVERY READING FAMILY SHOULD KNOW

- YOU MAY BUY AS FEW AS FOUR BOOKS A YEAR
- YOU BUY ONLY SELECTIONS YOU INTEND TO BUY ANYWAY
- YOU USUALLY PAY LESS FOR THEM... (LAST YEAR THIS AVERAGE WAS 24% LESS)
- YOU SHARE IN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF BOOK-DIVIDENDS

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: In addition to the monthly selections, the Club makes available Special Editions of widely-discussed books. *Thus your choice is wide, from 25 to 30 books a year.* Whenever you think the selection is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may simply say: "Send me nothing."

WHAT YOU PAY . . . AND HOW: You simply pay *the special members price* for each selection you buy, which is usually lower than the regular retail price. A bill is mailed with each book you indicate you want. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

BOOK-DIVIDEND PLAN...WHAT IT IS: After your first purchase, with every second book you buy—from among the Club selections and Special Editions—you receive a Book-Dividend. This member-profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is invested in enormous editions of other books, and these are the Book-Dividends you receive as a member. *In the past five years alone over $61,500,000 worth of free books (retail value) were distributed among members.*

GOOD SENSE FOR READING FAMILIES: *Why not buy from the Club the monthly selections you would buy anyway?* You will usually pay less for them and you will share in the Club's Book-Dividends. And, not least, you will actually get and read particular new books which you are anxious not to miss.

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

- ☐ JOHN ADAMS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION by Catherine Drinker Bowen *Price (to members only) $3.85*
- ☐ THE WALL by John Hersey *Price (to members only) $3.60*

Double Selection:
- ☐ COMES THE COMRADE! by Alexandra Orme
  and
  INCREDIBLE TALE by Gerald W. Johnson
  Combined price (to members only) $3.90

- ☐ THE LITTLE PRINCESSES by Marion Crawford *Price (to members only) $3.25*
- ☐ THE PEABODY SISTERS OF SALEM by Louise Hall Tharp *Price $4.00*
- ☐ THE GRAND ALLIANCE by Winston Churchill *Price (to members only) $4.00*
- ☐ THE EGYPTIAN by Mika Waltari *Price (to members only) $3.35*
- ☐ THE MATURE MIND by H. A. Overstreet *Price $2.95*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A257
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, ALL THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN, in six volumes. This will be sent with my first purchase indicated above. Thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club during the first year I am a member, and I may cancel my membership any time after buying four such books from the Club.

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (If any) .....*State*.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

*Trade Mark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED